
THE
ECCENTRICITIES

JOHN EDWIN.

In Two Volumes.

PRICE EIGHT SHILLINGS.

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THE
ECCENTRICITIES
OF
JOHN EDWIN,
COMEDIAN.

COLLECTED FROM HIS MANUSCRIPTS,
AND ENRICHED WITH
SEVERAL HUNDRED ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

ARRANGED AND DIGESTED BY
ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.



VOL. I.

Heu ! quam difficile est gloriæ custodia.
"WE NE'ER SHALL LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN."

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR J. STRAHAN, NO 67, NEAR THE
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First ed. in 1791

THE
ECCLESIASTICAL

JOHN EDWIN

COLLECTED

COLLECTED BY



GENERAL

ANTHONY

ADVERTISEMENT.

The press has groaned of late with the productions of so many Blockheads, who have written their own memoirs, or those of other persons, that I should have disdained the attempt, had not Mr. EDWIN, a few days previous to his dissolution, requested, that his papers should be unconditionally given to me, to use as my discretion might direct.

In the prosecution of this work, I have laboured to make the interests of wit and national humor, accord with delicacy—The singular complexion of the matter, I hope, will prove a strong recommendation, especially as it contains a greater number of original anecdotes, than any other publication extant, and authentic anecdotes are the best illustration of human nature.

7

To those Ladies and Gentlemen who have contributed so amply to the embellishment of this undertaking, I return my general thanks.

47

T O

The EARL of BARRYMORE.

My Lord,

I HAVE presumed to dedicate these volumes to your Lordship, from a conviction, that your name will reflect honor upon my efforts, and in the hope, that they may feebly contribute to your felicity—My intention, my Lord, was to make society merrier and better—As the language of flattery was never less exercised by any individual than myself, I trust your Lordship will not think me unjustifiably arrogant, when I assure you, that I should not have solicited this distinction, had you not been ennobled by Heaven, in the possession of a good heart, and an excellent understanding.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

With all due respect,

Your obliged friend and obedient servant,

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

*Inner Temple,
Feb. 20, 1791.*

THE PART OF BARRYMORE.

N. B.

As these volumes are entered at
Stationers Hall, whoever pirates
the matter, or copies the anecdotes,
without signifying at the same time
the publication from whence they
are taken, will be prosecuted.

ANTHONY BARRYMORE.

Printed by J. Smith, at the
Sign of the Ship, in St. Pauls Church-yard.

(2)

THE
ECCENTRICITIES

JOHN EDWIN.

WHEN men become conspicuous in society, the World are interested in their minutest concerns: to this motive may be ascribed the labours of a PLUTARCH, and the rewards of a ROBINSON. We are earnestly solicitous about the actions of those whom we have been taught to admire for the heroism of their deeds, or the force of their particular merits, and peruse an account of their progress through life with as much satisfaction as we feel in beholding our persons in a mirror, fondly contemplate on the simplicity of our pursuits, and the consequent pains and pleasures, though the pages

VOL. I.

B

of

of the Biographer seldom operate to the advantage of the individual he delineates, inasmuch as we become too intimately acquainted with their weaknesses, and cannot behold them with the same degree of sublime estimation, as when we view their character in perspective. The PRINCE of CONDE, who knew human nature well, has wisely remarked, "that no man is a Hero in the eyes of his Valet-de-chambre."

I have no doubt but the following Memoirs will be read with much avidity by the public, not from any attractive beauty in the composition, but because they relate to an extraordinary man, who has rendered himself by his inimitable comic exertions, the High Priest of mirth and the delight of a discerning metropolis.

Had Mr. JOHN EDWIN been as obstinately adhesive to the points of Ancestry as our Caledonian neighbours, he might possibly have been able to have derived his origin from the illustrious EDWIN, King of Northumberland, who lost his life in Battle in the year 633 ; but he was absolutely positive

that he was a member of the same family as Sir HUMPHRY EDWIN, Knt. who was Lord Mayor of London in the year 1698; he reluctantly inclined to resign his title of affinity to the Monarch, but no human consideration could induce him to give up the Magistrate.

His Father, JOHN EDWIN, was a watch-maker*, who with a liberality superior to his circumstances, gave his son an education that has since rendered him essential service in life, particularly his instructions in the science of music, which with an happy invention and droll manner of delivery, made him indubitably the first comic finger in the universe.

* His mother, HANNAH EDWIN, was the daughter of Henry Brogden, a statuary, at York; a boy and two girls were the issue of this marriage: JOHN was the first born, MARY the second, and ELIZABETH the third. The latter, now Mrs. WILLIAMS, is a most conspicuous character in the metropolis, remarkable for her knowledge of astrology and future events, and is daily consulted at her house in Store street, Tottenham-court-road, by ladies of the first distinction.

Mr. EDWIN was born in Clare-street, Saint Clements Danes, London, on the 10th of August, 1749; the ill state of his health from his birth, until he was nine years of age, induced his father to send him to a farmhouse in a healthy situation in the vicinity of Enfield, where he had not been long before he gave a sample of his acting in a private performance, with some young gentlemen in that neighbourhood; such amusements then were not embellished and attended as they are now; and instead of a regular Theatre, young EDWIN and his associates received their audience in a Stable, where,

“ They cleav’d the general ear with horrid speech.”

And astonished the auricular and ocular faculties of some country Ladies and Gentlemen, with their domestics, by most wonderful exertions in mad LEE’s inflated tragedy of ALEXANDER the GREAT; the Hero of which was the leading subject of these anecdotes, and EDWIN ranted away in a roman shape, like many of our modern Tragedians,

Tragedians, without any leading requisite for the character, and totally unaided by any impulse but his puerile presumption.

After this *debut* Mr. EDWIN remained at school 'till he was fifteen, at which period we find him in the Pension-Office of the Exchequer, but that employment requiring his attendance only two hours in the day, it afforded him an opportunity of turning his thoughts to his favourite amusement, the stage, and he soon got information of a spouting club at the French Horn in Wood Street, Cheapside, where

“ Prentic’d boys alarm’d the gaping Street,

“ And did such deeds of dreadful note,”

To this mirthful convocation of ambitious youth, EDWIN ran with all the precipitation of young desire, and it was there that the singular humour of the present estimable Mr. WILLIAM WOODFALL, in *OLD MASK* in the *MUSICAL LADY*, first suggested to EDWIN’s mind a serious idea of assuming the character of a Comedian. The follow-

ing summer he studied the Tankard scene of *Scrub*—The part of *Siman* in the first act of the *Apprentice*, and the first scene of *Polydore* in the *Orphan*, which, with the song of “ I follow’d a Lads that was froward and shy,”---and those of Sir *Harry Sycamore* in *The Maid of the Mill*, he concluded might carry him very decently through the following winter, at the begining of which a new spouting seminary was instituted at the Falcon in Fetter Lane. There EDWIN made his first essay as an apology for a man--passed the ordeal of juvenile criticism, was warmly approv’d, and soon after chose one of the six Managers, in concert with Mr. WALDRON of old Drury, and the late Mr. WEBB of Covent Garden Theatre, Mr. PUDNEY a young attorney, Mr. WOOD a young tailor, Mr. KNIGHT, lately employed at the Royalty Theatre, and Mr. MOORE, some time since a school-master in Bath---Mr. EDWIN was always a great admirer of the professional merits of the late NED SHUTER, who entertained a great opinion of the promising abilities of our aspiring hero, and at several convivial parties at

at BOB DERRY's, of meretricious memory used frequently to say, "My Boy, you will be an excellent actor when I am laid low."

EDWIN's imitation of that charming actor's songs, and his performance at the Club of some of his parts, soon attracted the notice of the late Mr. LEE of Drury Lane Theatre, who seeing him enact LAUNCELOT in the MERCHANT of VENICE, which was regularly performed in the Club-room on a private night, engaged him for the ensuing summer at Manchester, as a low comedian, at a settled salary of one guinea a week, and the profits of half a benefit. At this new spouting club, nominated, the Theatre Royal in Fetter Lane, the usual mode was to have a man with a staff at the door of the room, which was meant as a measure to give an air of respectability to the diversions of the evening; the price of admittance was one shilling, entitling the visitor to porter and tobacco 'till eleven o'clock; the Managers not forgetting to reserve about twelve or fifteen shillings each night to carry down stairs at the conclusion of the club, to enable them the more effectually to parry the

assaults of Care and the influence of Morpheus, by the powerful assistance of good punch and mulled wine.

They met every Friday night, and the Managers sat alternately two at each time as Presidents, Moderators and Directors of the dramatic entertainments. They were possessed of a decent wardrobe, with all the necessary appurtenances of Wigs, Truncheons, Swords, Chains, Masks, Thunder, Lightning, *et cetera*, in a garret, which served as a dressing-room for the *Dramatis Personæ*.

“ The conceit of these Heroes is truly laughable,” said EDWIN to WALDRON, who were both in the chair---“ in the name of the Muses, what are we to have to-night ?” WALDRON, with a significant nod told EDWIN, that two young fellows from the Spouting Club at Norton Falgate, who were smoaking in the right-hand corner of the room, wished to do something in the beginning of the evening ; upon which EDWIN, with much grandeur of deportment, demanded of WALDRON if there had been any report of their ability, and a certainty, that
the

the dignity of the society might not be disgraced by their efforts; but though WALDRON was unable to satisfy his colleague on that head, as the established members of the Society seemed tardy in their operations, the stage-struck Heroes from Norton Falgate were permitted to dash away; but their recital of the first scene of the FAIR PENITENT, evinced the insufficiency of two novitiates, not practised in a regular spouting club, and Mr. ALTAMONT's unhappy pronunciation of the first speech ruined him for ever as an actor in the opinion of the critics in Fetter Lane. With much solemnity of mien, and a tone of utterance not unaptly compared to the roaring of a Bull, he began the following imperative declaration :

- " Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
- " No mournings, no misfortunes *appen* on it,
- " Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings.
- " Let *appy* lovers *bever* make it *oly*,
- " Chuse it to bless their *opes* and crown their wishes;
- " This *appy* day that gives me my *Kalifla*."

The gentle ALTAMONT had scarcely finished when the laugh became loud and general,
excepting

excepting two or three friends to the young Tyro, who, by clenching their fists and frowning indignant, seemed disposed to contest the prevailing opinion of the audience. EDWIN, in order to restore the harmony of the evening, hinted to those about him, that he would prepare for SCRUB, for, continued he, with a wonderful deal of conceit and many sly nods, "there must be something done." He therefore gave a wink to Mr. KNIGHT, the *Archer* of the Club, to be ready for that part---tript up to the garret, turned the hind part of a bob-wig before, put on a red waistcoat and sleeves, and with a little rose pink on his cheeks, his eye-brows blackened with a burnt cork, and a tankard in his hand, he descended the stairs, met *Archer* at the door of the Club-room, which they entered in the usual mode of that scene, singing amidst the acclamations, vociferations, promulgations and expectations of the smokey assembly, who were much delighted by the personifications of those actionizing competitors for the Dramatic laurel.--Twice in a winter this motley association represented

ed whole Plays, and at one of those performances, which was intended to operate as a Metropolitan WONDER in effect as well as name, EDWIN was asked if he could not find a Lady who would undertake the part of INIS: the reply was courteous, " he would endeavour ;" and with much inquiry and great difficulty he found a young sempstress who undertook the character, and in consequence rehearsed it several times. At the conclusion of such practices, EDWIN always made it a point of duty to accompany her to her mother's home, and having been educated in the schools of social gallantry, he never failed in the demand of a chaste salute, to reward him for his enviable attentions to the ambitious daughter of Thalia.

The night allotted for the exhibition arrived, and Mrs. INIS, who had always rehearsed in a long cardinal, was now seen in a jacket and petticoat in the full display of her divine person, and all the ladies and gentlemen interested in the comedy strutted about the club-room behind the curtain in their
best

best bibs and tuckers.—The part assigned to EDWIN was FREDERIC ; of course he had but little to do in the piece, and to his extreme mortification no scene with INIS ; but the regret was of short duration, as he received the disagreeable information that the lady whom he had introduced was found very defective in personal grace, for as she was in the heat of action with LISSARDO, and forgetting her corporal infirmities, she raised her right arm, which was stiff and immovable in the elbow-joint, and struck the facetious valet such a tremendous blow on his side as made the comical comedian reel under the impression of delicacy — the audience burst into a fit of laughter at the oddity of the action, and poor EDWIN was publicly rallied for his ignorance of female proportions, and the introduction of a lady so extremely defective and inappropriate to the character--During this æra of gallantry, spouting, and adolescence, EDWIN was made secretary to a trust of a Mr. JOHN EDWIN of George Street, Hanover Square, a distant relation, who died, leaving near 50,000l. to be

be distributed in public charities, and had appointed twelve trustees to superintend the business--the principal of which, a Mr. WAY, was also one of his executors, and sub-governor of the South-Sea House.

That gentleman, fully sensible of the folly of his deceased friend, in leaving a kinsman destitute--his donations to be expended in charities and given to objects totally unknown to him, from an impulse of justice made EDWIN secretary. The committee met twice every winter, and to this post was annexed an annual salary of thirty pounds with *douceurs* from the fund, and other contingent advantages. The trustees, who were all old men, soon departed in peace to sleep with their fathers, and their sons were deputed in their room; but this change of government was not for the advantage of the property; the principal was soon swallowed up by the dissipation of the new guardians.

When EDWIN left his secretaryship, which he held only one year, he possessed five
 5 hundred

hundred pounds in specie, for which sum he was indebted to the kindness of Mr. WAY, and meant as a security for his going into the South-Sea House in the capacity of accomptant, the gentleman who then held that office, Mr. MONTAGUE, being very old and infirm.

A strong propensity for dramatic pursuits, however, overcame every other consideration, and prompted EDWIN to make an early attempt, and climb the stupendous hill of public fame—he took, as it is termed, French leave of his relations, and went off *a la fourdine*.* But previous to his departure, in order to assist his father, whose circumstances were rather embarrassed, and to operate as a palliation for commencing actor,

* EDWIN's father, when the comedian was only fifteen years of age, offered to give 50*l.* towards erecting an organ in Illington church, provided the parish would make his son organist ; however the offer was rejected by the parish, under the idea that they could not afford to pay a salary.

and

and disappointing the old gentleman's future hopes in the intended line of life marked out for him, EDWIN drew the money from Mr. WAY and made the 500l. a present to his father, together with some other valuable properties, and began the world almost as destitute of drapery and social accompaniments as the first sublunary parent of humanity.—He commenced an actor of old men at the theatre at Manchester, then under the management of Mr. LEE, in the year 1765, and in the sixteenth year of his age. JUSTICE WOODCOCK, and SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, were also represented in that town by our juvenile adventurer, who soon found, from the generous plaudits of the audience, he had no essential reason to regret that he had left a dull though certain livelihood in search of the adventitious rewards of erratic genius. Previous to his leaving London he played the part of QUIDNUNC in the UPHOLSTERER at the Haymarket Theatre in the winter, for the benefit of a family in distress, and a new print of the day (the Public Ledger) registered this attempt in the most flattering phrases of approbation. A youth of
sixteen

sixteen playing *old men*, was then considered as a sort of phenomenon in the Dramatic Hemisphere, but the assumption was fortunate, for EDWIN, it is probable, then laid the corner stone of his high and enviable reputation; the example and success of SHUTER had roused his feelings, and OLD MEN continued his choice for several years, though it has since been discovered that characters of a younger feature were more suited to his ability.

It is somewhat extraordinary that a man should play old men in his youth, and young ones when more advanced in life; but notwithstanding EDWIN has been a tenant of this vile planet exactly forty two years, his personal appearance was youthful, and his powers and vivacity as strong as ever.

EDWIN left London to commence his theatrical probation, accompanied by Mr. WALDRON, and a Miss. WESTRY, who were likewise engaged by Mr. LEE;---their finances being low, their mode of travelling was a matter of serious debate between this timely league

league of the sexes,--but Mr. WALDRON, who has much adroitness on such pressing occasions, found a return Post Chaise going all the way to Manchester, which for a trifling consideration conveyed them to the place of action, tho' the journey was not unclogged with difficulties. They were overturned the first day---on the second, as this triumvirate were sitting at dinner, the chairs on a sudden, like an electrical shock, or a Pantomime trick, were unhinged from the braces; and as if Harlequin had given a slap with his wooden sword to effect his wonderful magic, the bottoms of these actorlings saluted the floor. The horses were jaded on the third, and seemed holding a conversation at every acclivity whether they should mount, inasmuch that the inhabitants of the leathern conveniency were doubtful that every hill would put an end to their journey, for which reason EDWIN desired the driver to put a cloth over the horses eyes every time they got in and out the chaise, that the quadrupeds might not see there were *three* people to draw, imagining that the animals might give a nega-

tive to their motion, and dispute the propriety of the number, as persons do in a stage coach, and tell both them and the driver that they have no right to draw more than two : however, by the expediency of EDWIN'S remark, the cloth was continually placed over the eyes of the Rosinantes, and when the driver gave a smack of his whip, the horses cried *we or our*, which the motley group understood as exclamations in bad French, signifying, that they would perform as well as they could.

Soon after their arrival at Manchester Mrs. BADDELEY, who had then only performed a few nights at Drury Lane Theatre, became a member of their itinerant body ; her husband was engaged at Liverpool, and the distance being not quite forty miles, he contrived to pay her a visit once a week : during his absence, that beautiful Phryne of the Stage, gallanted freely with the roving blades of the Town and her comic brethren: and it was then remarked that a more amorous set of Theatrical females never delighted the youth of Manchester.

Mrs.

Mrs. BADDELEY visited Miss WESTRY, and EDWIN, who lived in the same house, being then as young on the stage as the ladies, there were frequently private rehearsals of fainting, embracing and dying, which to perform well makes up no inconsiderable part of theatric excellence; and so personally charming were both the females, that every Man in Manchester from seventeen to seventy would have been most happy to have enjoyed such blissful opportunities--The whimsicality however of the ladies, and their application to strong waters made them sometimes appear rather singular in deportment, and a fainting fit in the middle of a part was as frequent with most of the actresses of that Company, as the nights of playing.

In the house where EDWIN lodged and boarded were also Mr. GRIFFITH, Mr. KEASBERRY, Mr. WALDRON, Mrs. BROOKS, and Miss WESTRY, all of them adherents to the Drama---An Officer on half pay, proverbial for his oddities, and who valued himself on his gentility, observing a pleasant sort of intimacy subsisting between some of

the masculine and feminine children of Proteus, earnestly requested to make one of the party, and was in consequence frequently very peremptory and troublesome; said he *must* be introduced to the ladies, and that quickly; spoke of delays in love and war being equally dangerous--animadverted on his superior situation--the lawfulness of an attack on any Female he chose to take up arms against, and the powerful charms of a red coat---descanted loudly on the honour of a soldier, and the glorious deeds of heroes from Hector down to William the Conqueror---spoke particularly of the defender of Protestantism, and esteemed himself for possessing the same name. But Mr. GRIFFITH, yclept RICHARD by his godfathers and godmothers, who had often performed the third British King of that denomination, thought he had even greater pretensions, having personated the royal Reformer with success, and being of a good family, a man of spirit, and quite, as we call it, a *Gentleman Actor*, imagined the balance of gentility in his favor, and therefore disputed the pass---CAPTAIN WILLIAM was warm---KING RICHARD in
a rage,

a rage, and the family in a bustle--Mrs. BAD-
 DELEY and Miss WESTRY were flying about
 as Aid-de-Camps until the dreadful dispute
 came to an issue--The Captain began the
 attack, by an application of his right leg to
 RICHARD's personal seat of honour; but
 the KING having with his left hand caught
 the leg of WILLIAM in an horizontal position,
 he had but one hand at liberty, and the Cap-
 tain but one leg. Here the reader must figure
 to himself two persons so situated---The des-
 cendant of Mars hopping upon one leg, and
 making use of both his fists; and drumming
 away upon the body of the temporary mo-
 narch---The Monarch hopping sometimes
 upon one leg, that he might make a vigo-
 rous application with the other, pummelling
 away with his right hand, and with the other
 holding the Captain's pedal extremity---
 The women screaming---dogs barking, the
 men cheering each party, and all the house
 in confusion---A fall terminated the contest;
 the Captain was worsted; but some brandy
 and diaculum plaister restored the spirits and
 alleviated the bruises of the combatants---
 The Captain gave way to the KING, and

their little government was freed from the martial approaches of anarchy--The officer's libations were more frequently offered up to Bacchus than Mars or Venus, and his unrestricted festivals with the former, rendered him unfit for the proprieties of the latter; to speak plainly, he generally came home tipsy. Being in that state one night, he tumbled into a dry ditch, and was observed by a person passing by lying on his belly, and in the act of striking out his arms and legs; he was immediately taken up, and being asked if he was wounded, the ditch being deep and dry; replied with much seeming piety, "no, thank God, I am not hurt, but it was a great blessing that I could swim, for otherwise I must certainly have lost my life."

I shall now quit the episode and return to the immediate narration. Before the conclusion of the performances that summer, Mr. GRIFFITH, as agent to Mr. MOSSOP, engaged EDWIN at the enormous salary of thirty shillings per week, to enact at the theatre-royal in Smock-alley Dublin--under the hope of shaking off an ague, which he had acquir'd
by

by going into the Duke of Bridgewater's improvements, and to take leave of his friends before his departure from his native island, he visited London for a short time, and then set out big with jocund expectation for the mirthful regions of Hibernia.

Previous to his quitting the British Metropolis, he was furnished with some money and a watch by his father; but waiting for a wind at Parkgate, the delay eventually reduced his cash, and being obliged to hire horses for Holyhead, he was under the disagreeable necessity of leaving his time--piece behind as a necessary security for the sum requisite on that occasion; but the discomfiture was not ruinous to his good spirits, as he sung in that instant, "Time flies swift and will away," and repeated emphatically the hacknied expression, that "time and tide wait for no man." Impelled to the dramatic conflict by hope's fairest images, he was eager to be on board, and impatient to bring himself to an anchor in Dublin; for, the truth was, he knew himself disencumbered not only of coin, but of every portable thing that

could be possibly converted into that base source of human commerce. Thus circumstanced he crossed the bar of Dublin bay with a fair breeze, was steered luckily between the *two Bulls*, touched the corner of *Rings-end*, and entered the hospitable gates of *Eblana*, unblest with a splendid shilling.

Immediately on his arrival, EDWIN thought it necessary to make some enquiries after Mr. CHRISTIE, at that time Treasurer and privy counsellor to Mr. Mossop, if we may be allowed to apply the term treasurer to an individual in the habits of guarding ideal wealth; but EDWIN soon discovered that the possession of money was not absolutely necessary for a man's well being in that merry capital, as Mr. CHRISTIE procured him a lodging in a two pair of stairs back room in Cole's Alley, the residence of philosophy time immemorial, where good eating and drinking was attainable upon credit.

A few days after the convivial EDWIN was landed in the isle of Saints, he was formally

mally introduced to Mr. Mossop, the Manager, who seemed much astonished to see so young an adventurer, and expressed his amazement that a youth of sixteen should feel so irresistible an inclination to receive the wounds of criticism, and personate the characters of old men---

The Theatre at Dublin was at that period neither in estimation as a school of morality, or proverbial as to its immense profits; and EDWIN often experienced the mortification of non-payment---As Mossop represented Operas, EDWIN was of some use in the Theatre, but not sufficiently so to make the combined efforts of him and his brethren productive, and they very often retired from the Treasury on a Saturday morning as penniless and crest-fallen, as so many credulous dolts who had received a final answer from their solicitor after nine years *legal* contest in the unfathomable gulphs of chancery, for the establishment of right.

Mossop cast his serious and Comic Operas with some degree of strength;

TEN-

TENDUCCI, PERETTI, CREMONINY and Miss BROWN, supported the former, while Miss CATLEY, EDWIN, RYDER, and WILDER gave importance to the latter; but to sum up the consequence in a few words, the retainers of Phœbus were not then in so much request as they are at present---social discord was more seducing than Theatric harmony--the players were good--the payments were bad, and the unfortunate labourers literally studied and starved---

The first character that EDWIN performed in Dublin was Sir PHILIP MODELOVE, in the BOLD STROKE for a WIFE, and as in that part very little is expected by the Audience, they were not disappointed by the execution of the Actor---Soon after Mr. MOSSOP got up Mr. COLMAN's *chef d'œuvre*, the JEALOUS WIFE*: the principal characters of that Comedy were cast as follow.

* In the year 1780, Mr. COLMAN went over to Dublin under the idea of managing Crow-street theatre in the winter-months, but found matters so deranged, as obliged him to quit the design---during his stay he saw the play of the JEALOUS WIFE acted, and told me he did not know his own piece, it was so imperfectly done,

<i>Mr. Oakley,</i>	-	-	Mr. MOSSOP.
<i>Major Oakley,</i>	-	-	Mr. GLOVER.
<i>Charles,</i>	-	-	Mr. REDDISH.
<i>Sir Harry Beagle,</i>	-	-	Mr. RYDER.
<i>Lord Trinket,</i>	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.

A N D

<i>Mrs. Oakley,</i>	-	Mrs. REDDISH.
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All the above parts were in excellent hands, except that of LORD TRINKET, for EDWIN, who had performed only old men, and low comedy parts in Manchester the preceding Summer, found himself very awkward in the draperies of a Lord, and, to do him justice, his apprehensions were well founded, for though any *thing* will pass for a Lord in a drawing room on a birth day of Royalty, either as to person or deportment, the public on this occasion in a most extraordinary degree depart from the suggestions of truth, and expect that the scenic representatives of peers should LOOK and ACT like MEN.

But to return to my Hero--the habiliments of grandeur did not tally with his

4

genius,

genius, and the bag and sword made him appear as *outrè* and singular, as poor OMAI when he was first introduced at St. James's caparisoned as an European gentleman.

In a particular speech when LORD TRINET receives a mortifying reproof from CHARLES, EDWIN experienced one also from the Audience, for upon his saying, "I cut a mighty ridiculous figure here, upon honour!" some of the wags in the Theatre immediately replied with great vociferation -- "You do indeed!" --- such a retort, one might suppose, would have sickened the youth for a bag wig in future, yet we find him the following summer and at other times contending for the fops parts.

The next character he assumed was JUSTICE WOODCOCK, his success in which amply atoned for his former disgrace, and he continued through that season, either an OLD MAN, a THIEF, a CLOWN or a CONSTABLE.

MOSSOP was at this time in the very zenith of his glory as to acting, but alas he

was compelled by necessity to imitate the philosophic exclamation of Cato, to his Company:

“ Ladies and Gentlemen, we cannot command success,

“ But we have done more, we have deserved it.”

For it was not his indisputed excellence in ZANGA, RICHARD the third, SHYLOCK, or the DUKE in MEASURE for MEASURE, that could bring occupants to the benches of his Theatre——The multitude are too frequently governed by caprice and folly; and it is not always that the gentle ministry of reason can overpower their dictates——Exclusive of this remark, the united strength of Mr. BARRY and Mrs. DANCER* at Crow street Theatre, aided by a better Comic company than that of Smock Alley, frequently diminished the receipts of the latter——And as two Theatres have ever been and perhaps ever may be too much for Dublin, both must feel the bad effects——and EDWIN declared, that when a member of

* Mrs. DANCER's maiden name was STREET, her father was an Apothecary at Bath—she married an Actor whose name she bore in Dublin, after that she wedded Mr. BARRY—and her present name is CRAWFORD.

Smock Alley, the Performers have waited until money came in at the different doors, to buy candles, and redeem suits in pawn proper for the performance, which has been retarded on that account sometimes until nine o'clock, and Mossop and his Comedians have broke in upon the strict rules of moral propriety, and represented the last Act of a Farce at one o'clock on a Sunday morning---In the middle of Mr. Mossop's season, EDWIN received an invitation from Mr. RYDER to go to Waterford in the Summer, and perform under the management of that Gentleman; he was offered a capital cast of parts, and that offer was sweetened by the kindneffes of Mr. RYDER and his family, which EDWIN experienced in a very eminent degree---

In the interval between signing the agreement and setting off for the place of destination, Mr. RYDER gave EDWIN an invitation to his house at Drumcondra. On the first visit, during the administering of tea, Mrs. RYDER made inquiries of her guest, as to his religious persuasion, and being informed that he was a protestant, she immediately

diately produced a Bible, and made EDWIN, her Husband and Daughter follow her example, by reading a chapter in that sacred volume. This was rather an awkward event to the laughing EDWIN, for tho' he valued himself upon his faith in revelation, and would have died in defence of its doctrines with as much intrepidity as any of Fox's Martyrs, he had never made the pages of the inspired fathers his particular study: however to oblige the Lady, he read the tenth chapter of Nehemiah with good discretion and proper emphasis.

That strong conjugal affection which marked Mrs. RYDER's manner---her praiseworthy attention to her family---and great politeness to all around her, produced, as the actors phrase it, a soliloquy in our young comedian, and EDWIN thought seriously for the first time that marriage was a glorious institution.

The Theatre Royal in Smock-alley was at this time in a state of confusion---poverty and anarchy governed its dependants by turns,

turns, and notwithstanding EDWIN's salary was inconsiderable, he found one week succeeded another without any recompence for his professional industry --- Eager to avail himself of every mode of raising money, he adopted a venial fraud, and that was, to *walk* into a Spunging-house on some night when he was the principal in the entertainment, on what is termed a *friendly writ*, and then send word to the treasurer that six or seven pounds were necessary to liberate him from durance vile---This piece of ingenuity was effectual in several instances---the congratulations of the Green Room verified the expediency of the measure, and EDWIN was often mentioned as a very clever fellow in what they termed *doing the manager*.

I have before observed, that Mossop was poor and embarrassed, his situation therefore demanded secrecy and security, and the last night of his season was never made public for reasons too palpable to notice.

EDWIN,

EDWIN wanting money to bear his expences to Waterford, and not knowing the manager's policy, unwittingly chose that very night to pay another visit to the spunging-house, in the folorn hope of raising a few pounds; but in this effort his better genius failed him, and he had the mortification to walk out again without the required supply; for though he was to fill a principal character that evening, an apology was made to the public---the part was read by a Mr. DUNCAN, and Mossop stole a march on his creditors, by taking his final leave of the audience for that season.

Amid the dramatic recruits for the summer, was a Mr. GEORGY, a Dutchman, who was engaged as first fiddle, and this inmate of Orpheus being as destitute of temporal comforts as EDWIN, they agreed conjointly to lay siege to Mr. RYDER the country manager's generosity, who was going out in that capacity for the first time; by this manœuvre they procured the loan of a guinea and a half, with a recommendation

to some people at Waterford to afford them relief on their arrival.

This sum, though inconsiderable, produced a sort of hilarity in the muse-hunting twain---the Dutchman becoming active as well as rich, proposed some of the gymnastic sciences for their embrace, and the school-boys trick of *follow the leader* was accepted by EDWIN---a wide ditch presenting itself, GEORGY undertook to jump over it, and to remove all impediments to motion, pulled off his shoes and stockings, but as it is well known that the bottoms of the *Belgæ* are as heavy and inert as their heads, I suppose it will not surprise the reader to understand that the Dutchman's best efforts could only convey him to the middle, where he stuck immersed in filth up to the arm-pits --- EDWIN with a roar of laughter, exclaimed with Falstaff, "there lies Honour for you" --- With much difficulty the fiddler was dragged from this bed of pollution, and EDWIN conveyed him to his lodgings, where the timely application of some pails of water restored his person to
a state

a state of cleanliness, and a few bumpers of Currant Whiskey recovered his spirits from depression.

After one night's sacrifice to Morpheus, they got up, and commenced their pedestrian march to Waterford, a journey of near ninety English miles---unluckily the morning proved rainy, which fatigued the minstrel, and displeased EDWIN to much, that after perambulating fourteen miles, both parties felt themselves extremely uncomfortable; and the bursting of the Dutchman's shoes, which he had purchased but the day before in John's-lane, obliged them to take shelter in a *Dry Lodging* * at
NAAS,

* A dry lodging in the interior part of Ireland, is generally found in a small cabin or hut built with mud-walls, and covered with thatch; in the middle of this carravan-ferra they usually make a turf-fire, round which the family, travellers, pigs, and poultry take their stand--in the corners they are accustomed to spread straw, which serves the poor people for a bed, and at the bottom of every couch a blanket is fixed to the ground by two large nails, which at night they draw over their persons and sleep as soundly, and I hope as happily, as the reverend fathers in

NAAS, the assize town of the county of Kildare, where some salutary rest upon a straw-built bed, with eggs and bacon, and two pipes of mundungus, procured from an old huckster-woman in the neighbourhood, three inches in length, incrusted with saliva, and as black as Rhadamanthus, raised their drooping souls, and gave them a sufficient degree of boldness to engage a car* with a sack on it, to trundle them

God upon their beds of eider down.—When the humble possessor of the mud-mansion has wealth enough to sell a horn of malt or a noggin of whiskey, it is signified to the thirsty pedestrian by sticking an old pipe in the thatch with a rag dangling at its end—the nightly demand for refreshment in these dormitories is two-pence!

* Cars in Ireland form the only method of conveying goods from one town to another; their size is small, and go very near the ground; they carry upon an average about a ton each, and are drawn by a single horse—they are admirably suited to the wants of the Irish peasantry, and even persons in a genteel situation of life, often make use of them in their parties of pleasure; their mode on such occasions is to throw a sack or carpet over the surface, upon which three or four persons usually sit, and are carried in that manner to the end of their journey, filling up the intervals of time by drinking, laughing, smoking, and every other species of social harmony.

back

back again to the smokey metropolis of
 Lerne.

On their return to Dublin their first resting-place was at Temple-bar, which furnished at that time, and perhaps now, superb hotels for the accommodation of wandering gentlemen.

In this new habitation of the actor and fiddler the remainder of the guinea and half was soon expended in the united luxuries of warm whiskey-punch and a beef-steak.—Mr. RYDER was, fortunately for these eccentrics, still in the capital, and the re-appearance of his recruits, for a fresh supply of cash, threw the country manager into the utmost astonishment: “ I thought “ by this time, gentlemen,” said RYDER, “ that you were safe deposited at Waterford.”—“ No, sir,” rejoined EDWIN, “ we ought to have been, but our ill stars, “ you see, have decreed it otherwise—

—————'Tis true, 'tis pity,
 And pity it is 'tis true ; a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will use no art—"
 Mad you may grant us then ; and now remains
 That you find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say the cause of our defect."

You know, Sir, it is our duty to submit
 to the Gods, so I say nothing"---GEORGY,
 though a good musician, was terribly out of
 tune at some sentiments which his ear drank
 from the mouth of the manager, and ED-
 WIN, to remove all antipathies, frankly
 declared that the Son of Orpheus and him-
 self were both base men.

The obligation of their going to Water-
 ford being urgent, and Mr. RYDER not able
 to pursue his 'managerical scheme without
 their assistance, reluctantly advanced them
 another guinea and a half---the unfortunate
 pair departed, and with the aid of a Noddy*
 arrived

* A sort of one horse chaise in which two or three
 travellers may be conveniently situated, the Charioteer
 who drives the machine sits upon a stool elevated upon
 the shafts, just upon a level with the Travellers noses—
 it

arrived at the field of Battle in somewhat more than two days.

In pursuance of their letter of recommendation they took up their abode at a Grocer's Shop*, where for want of employment (the company not being ready to perform) the game of Cribbage was introduced, and in lieu of cash, this thoughtless brace of adventurers sported Stockings against Stockings, and Handkerchiefs against Handkerchiefs, until they agreed that the whole of each wardrobe should be played for as one grand stake, when fortune frowned upon the iti-

it has been observed that those persons have been loudest in their praise of *noddies* whose olfactory nerves are most imperfect—

* A Grocer's shop in the country towns of Ireland and even in the capital is materially different from a shop of the same denomination in England—their principal articles of consumption are Whisky, Claret, Brandy, Rum, Hollands Gin, London Porter, Tobacco of all sorts, Strung Beads for Roman Catholics, Colours for Painters, ground Starch, Pumice stone, Tea, Sugar, Currants, Raisins, Figs and dried Fish—

nerant comedian, and the contents of EDWIN's chest of brown-paper was instantly transferred to the restricted bundle of the triumphant Fiddler.

To this humiliating circumstance was added another; the Grocer produced his bill for board and lodging, and other incidental expences; this operated like a thunder bolt upon the faculties of EDWIN---he reflected seriously upon his conduct, and a reform as well as mortification were the profitable consequences.

Our Hero had the good fortune to please the town as an Actor, but the festivity of the Irish gentlemen prevented that close attention to the duties of his situation which prudence commanded: Bacchus and Momus frequently stood in his way, and the prevailing influence of those merry Gods made him apparently a social devil---

About this time EDWIN conceived a passion

sion for the Wife of a Sea Captain, whose
Husband

" Was to Aleppo gone, Master of the Tyger."

The Lady was beloved at the same time by the Dutch minstrel, and the corroding passion of jealousy separated the two intimates, and even a challenge was in agitation; as far as appearances could be relied on, EDWIN was the favoured rival; his personal address in ROMEO, CAPTAIN MACHEATH, and GEORGE BARNWELL, made a wonderful impression upon the sensibility of the fair object of contention, and threw the musician with his *Bars, Rests, Crotchets* and QUAVERS at an immeasurable distance, and established the minister of Momus as the first fiddle and best composer of a speech for the ear of his beautiful mistress.

The Dutchman's defect made him desperate, and he soon contrived to evince the force of his malevolence by his ungentleman-like management of the orchestra :----The comic opera of the MAID of the MILL furnished

furnished an apt occasion for the execution of his malice; for when EDWIN, who was in high estimation for his singing in Sir HARRY SYCAMORE, attempted the songs of that part, the perturbed descendant of Amphion let down the strings of his violin, and influenced the rest of the band to do the same; the discordant mixture of sounds occasioned by this manœuvre was sufficiently terrific

“ to affright the illé from its propriety,”

and not unlike the quarrelling for places in the upper gallery of a theatre, or the echos of Billingsgate on a market morning.---It should be noted, that EDWIN ever after this affair has been disgusted by the idea of a DUTCH CONCERT.

I will leave the fiddler for the present and advert to the actors, who were like the generality of strolling companies, made up of raw recruits, whom

“ Their country vomit forth to desperate actions
and a sure destruction.”

But

But their characteristic merits were more fully explained by some lines made by a wag of Waterford, which to speak truly were aptly applied, and properly satirized their professional inabilities---

“ I pray ye gentles common sense respect,
 The art of acting well we don't expect ;
 But yet we wish with all our hearts,
 That you would get your parts ;
 For as it stands, upon my soul,
 The prompter speaks and plays the whole.”

A young comedian in the country contents himself solely with the reputation of having his name in the play-bills for a good part, without labouring to know the direct letter of the colloquy, much less the meaning of the Author; and many an actor, almost in a state of second childhood, has claimed the part of a lover, for no reason more material than his having played the same character sixty years before.

Our callow moulder of heroics began now to discover, like many great men, that the more his importance was amplified as
 an

an Actor, the more his felicities were removed as a man—he felt, that his compeers for Theatric honours could not bear a rival—his intentions were prejudged—his pretensions disputed with petulance, and his good name became sullied by the breath of calumny.

The force of slander in all stages of society is a circumstance that can never be sufficiently regretted, and hostile to the best ends of our being---what I understand by society, is a state of mutual confidence, reciprocal services, and correspondent affections: when numbers are thus united there will be an interchange of sentiment and action, honourable to our nature and beneficial to our species; but when speech, that peculiar blessing of man, only operates as the instrument of obloquy to second the purposes of ruin, I am inclined to wonder that the Omnipotent should intrust a power so dangerous to a race of babbling animals, who seem wantonly to murder human peace, unaccompanied by the pangs of remorse or the dread of responsibility.

Actors

Actors are extraordinary people, and the circumstance of one leaving a Theatre because they denied him the performance of the Cock in HAMLET, and another laying claim to all species of fops because he possessed a bag wig and a sword, will verify, in two instances out of a thousand, that they as well as the rest of mankind are not free from propensities at once fatal and ridiculous.

EDWIN was not wholly uninfected with this professional mania; and though he had a partiality for the Beaus of Comedy, refused playing the character of BRAZEN, merely because the regimental coat he had selected in the wardrobe had been previously engaged by RYDER for the illustration of CAPTAIN PLUME, and left another company because the Manager insisted on his taking Sir FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, when he wished to assume COUNT BASSET—

Our adventurer's benefit at Waterford, the second he ever had, and the first in point of profit, made him master of about twenty five pounds, which he took home to his
lodging,

lodging, and deposited in different places by turns, without enjoying the happiness of thinking it safe in any—thus poor EDWIN found that the acquisition of wealth brings its concomitant sollicitudes; however he fixed upon his bed at last as the more secure situation, but like most young men his troubles were but transient; the sleep of the night destroyed the cares of the day; the poppy had more effect than the pence and the money was left in the sheets.

While at rehearsal his recollection reproved his remissness; he ran home to his lodgings like a madman, and the pleasure of recovering a property which he had never lost, gave his feelings the most exquisite edge imaginable---

After this serious affright he “locked up all his treasure” in a trunk---and applied to it whenever his wants urged him, and those wants were not unfrequent. The sum of twenty-five pounds was nearly consumed in three weeks, and on his examining the portable bank prior to his quitting the town, the impro-

improvident actor found that his purse had given up the ghost, excepting the inconsiderable sum of sixteen shillings.

Oh prudence, how amiable is thy aspect! whoever pays his devoir at thy shrine, retires from the altar, satisfied in his own opinion, and more estimable in the vision of society---Thy influence, like the visitation of the angels to Abraham, makes our dwellings hallowed, and our characters approach to perfection---Thou sittest enthroned amid a busy world, cloathed in purest vestments, and alluring its variegated tenants to crowd around thee and be happy---Without thy smiles, we degenerate into brutes---without being obedient to thy suggestions, we become the inmates of torment.

The facetious EDWIN was not proverbial for courting prudence when some years younger---He expended the liberal gratuity of the good people of Waterford, in the haunts of folly and extravagance; and when his finances were reduced to a truly unenviable state, he sat himself down upon the corner

of his bed, resting his chin upon the palm of his right hand; like Caius Marcius on a vestige of Carthage, and after ejaculating a sigh, which was drawn from the inmost chamber of his heart, most pathetically reviewed his consumptive purse---turned both the pockets of his black galligaskins inside out, and then exclaimed in the loudest accents of woe,

Farwel to the neighing steed, and all the circumstantial pomp and pride of Journey,
My purse is scant---my reputation's gone--"

Thus EDWIN, the thoughtless EDWIN, was obliged in consequence to walk to Dublin; and a long journey with but little money is not to be classed among the most desirable accidents of our being---

I do not know any circumstance which so fully tends to justify the doctrine of predestination, as the behaviour of those young persons who have an ardent attachment to the stage---I think, tho' with some hesitation, that the impelling prejudices act more powerfully

erfully upon the mind than even the fervour of outrageous love---in the first instance, the judgment is so entirely hoodwinked, that it becomes blind to every dreary prospect which misery can pourtray, and recedes from the unerring arguments of conviction with as much seeming disgust as if the intention was to injure and not befriend the object of admonition--whereas in the instances of love, the senses are never so wholly absorbed, by passion or perverted by lunacy, but they can discover whether DELIA or DAMON is crooked or straight---short or tall---young or old---but in whatever relates to the profession of a dramatic life, the propriety of the measure appears but a secondary consideration---the resolution is upheld as the doctrine of fate, and they leap into the trenches of desolation as felicitously, as if being hooted while existing and pitied when no more, were among the choicest rewards of individual obstinacy.

The late Mr. JACOB HEMET, who has often related to me the calamities of his being, never appeared so much agitated by

the pangs of disappointment as when reciting the unaccommodating manner in which he was rejected by Mr. RICH, then patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, when he produced a letter of recommendation from COLLEY CIBBER, and made an unconditional offer of his services to play the first line of tragedy ; tho' my old friend had experienced as many serious unkindnesses from fortune as most men, yet none apparently had clung with so much adhesion to his memory, or made so vast an inroad upon his peace or his ambition.

In the course of the summer, EDWIN received a card of invitation from DOCTOR LANDER, an apothecary of the town, to pass the evening at his house ; and the occurrence not happening on a play-night, he readily accepted the summons. (I should observe that in most country towns the spirit of friendship operates as a *Succedaneum* for the honors of a diploma, and all apothecaries act as physicians without a due licence from the college, and this gentleman was, as usual, dignified with the appellation of Doctor.) The room that EDWIN was shewn into was strewn with

with camomile flowers, for the purpose of drying, excepting a space round the table and a small passage of communication between that and the door,

The company consisted of the doctor and his friend, GEORGE the Dutchman and EDWIN, who to be upon a level with the rest in point of drinking, was obliged, as coming last, to swallow three bumpers, an irremediable custom prevalent of old among the convivial sons of Ierne.

The DOCTOR and EDWIN gave their songs by turns; the Doctor's friend played on the flute, and the fiddler exercised his professional ability;—for two hours the wine went round in rapid movements, and the four associates bumpered it away as if all the advantages of fortune depended upon who should drink most---but as it is decreed that sublunary felicity shall not be durable, we must not be surprized that the festivity of the evening was marred by the intervention of discord; but the discord most improperly originated with the musician, who to the amazement

of the company on a sudden refused to touch the strings of his instrument, which so far disgusted EDWIN, that forgetting the ceremonious obligations of a gentleman, he called GEORGY a rascal, and was immediately knocked down by the enraged harmonist for the coarseness of the appellation.

EDWIN in getting up laid hold of the table for assistance, which was plentifully covered with bottles and glasses, and brought them all on the floor; a combat then was in agitation, and the parties stripped for battle, but the camomile flowers and the furniture of the room suffered more damage than either of the Heroes.

The doctor's father, a very aged man, who was totally ignorant of the methods of actors and fiddlers, and perhaps seriously alarmed for the safety of his son's property, ran up stairs in the midst of the uproar, crying out, "Oh my god! oh my god, send for a Constable, send for a Constable," and in his rage, fright and consternation, snatched the wig off EDWIN's head, and threw it into the street;

street ; an over-charged-kennel instantly carried it out of sight, and poor EDWIN was led home in a ludicrous state, *non compos mentis*, with a white-handkerchief bound round his head, muttering death and destruction to the author of this complicated disgrace.

Whether it was from the fear of a renewal of hostilities, or to justify the old saying, "that people are better friends after a battle than before," I know not, but the Dutchman's rancour appeared to have subsided, and the two assailants lived upon a more friendly footing than before.

At this period EDWIN was paying his addresses to, or rather visiting, a Miss HAWK, an attractive Actress in the Waterford Company ; an invitation to dinner from the Lady to the Gentleman, had a wonderful effect on the latter, and matters went on as well as matters of that sort could ---but whenever the fair appendage of Thalia and Melpomene touched upon the theme of matrimony, EDWIN descanted upon the

comforts of a good dinner---the former had an amorous disposition, the latter a good appetite---EDWIN's visits were generally finished before candle-light, and those visits were on the intervening days of acting, for it should have been noticed, that the company performed but three times a week; after paying his adoration to the dramatic magnet of his wishes, he constantly finished the day with the male members of the stage ---Miss HAWK, the more to allure EDWIN to the embraces of Hymen, displayed all the portable *properties* about her chamber with a sort of negligent ostentation, and the following is a partial statement of her wardrobe.

A Library or bundle of plays.

A Tin Coronet.

A black velvet visor, almost brown with service.

Three worsted feathers.

A foil Ring set to imitate diamonds.

A Necklace and Earrings. ditto.

A Point Apron.

An

An old Hoop that had been worn by Mrs.

CIBBER.

A Braid for young Characters.

A pair of red velvet Shoes for Queens.

A Chip Hat for Shepherdesses.

A Cambrick Handkerchief for Tragedies,
marked S. H.

A needle book made of brocaded Silk edged
with Silver.

A large Bristol stone buckle for a Cestus.

Pearl powder.

A portrait of FANNY HILL burnt at the

A lump of Rose Pink. [bottom.

Three false teeth and a Stomacher.

Some bear's grease in a wafer box.

A quantity of black pins.

Court plaister for patches.

Some lightning and rain in a brown paper
bag.

Two false rumps.

A miniature picture of a gentleman in a red
coat.

And a broken french Fan illuminated with
the story of Cleopatra sailing down the
Cydnos to greet Mark Anthony.

As this affectionate pair were regaling
 after the repast one afternoon, the discourse
 took a turn upon the wonderful effects of
 Harmony on the animal creation---Miss
 HAWK brought forward the well known
 anecdote of Cerberus being subdued in Hell
 by the Lyre of Orpheus---the raising the
 Theban wall, and the no less marvellous
 matter of charming the tenants of the upper
 gallery in a Theatre by the exhilarating
 tune of the Roast beef of old England, or
 God save the King, with a chorus; to
 strengthen these instances, EDWIN produced
 the following lines.

An IMPROMPTU.

On the FORCE of MELODY.

When Amphion was plung'd in despair
 In the waves, without learning to swim,
 He sung a disconsolate air,
 And a Dolphin came wriggling to him.
 But Phœbus who envied his song,
 Blaz'd the fiercest of beams on the Sea;
 Till the fishes beginning to sweat,
 Cried, "Curse it, how hot we shall be!"

The

The Lady instantly replied, "that's a good one." This poetical effusion was so well received by the laughing damsel, that EDWIN ventured to produce a Sonnet, which he had composed during the infancy of his passion.

S O N N E T. *

To Miss SALLY HAWK, upon her cruelties;

Written by JOHN EDWIN, Comedian, at the age of seventeen, in imitation of

SHENSTONE.

Ah go ye little lambs, and nibble flowers,
Or quench your thirst at yonder purling stream;
For Cupid, cruel Cupid, chills my powers,
And my fond wishes cheat me like a dream.

Ye

* Had this Sonnet, which is a palpable imitation of SHENSTONE's best manner, been produced at the present period, there can be no doubt but it would have proved an aggrandisement of the late Mr. EDWIN's fame, by shewing mankind that independent of his great merits as an Actor, he could write occasionally with as much pathos, delicacy and feeling, as Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. YEARSLEY, Mr. MERRY, Mrs. BARBAULD, Miss MORE, Miss COWLEY, Mr. COOPER, Mrs.

Ye pretty birds that warble on the spray,
 The Goldfinch, Lark, the Linnet, and the Dove,
 Tho' my heart aches, yet you may all be gay,
 For you have never known the pangs of love,
 Or if you have, no sad, no savage vows,
 Have kept your chirping mistresses from ye,
 You ask no other houses than the boughs,
 And bill and coo and fly from tree to tree,
 No *sithing* Shepherd felt such pungent pain,
 Never before, nor never will again.

The lady was so much delighted with the beautiful imagery of the sonnet, that she involuntarily repeated, "And bill and coo, and fly from tree to tree." I suppose it is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that EDWIN viewed his nymph through a medium of prodigious respect---he had always thought her as handsome as an angel, and began now to imagine her as chaste as Dian---to speak in the language of an actor, she had wonderful merit in her *line*, could

Mrs. ROBINSON, Mr. HAYLEY, or even Mr. UPRON himself!!! Upon the strength of this performance, I advised Mr. EDWIN to become a member of the *Blue Stacking Club*, but the player's modesty superseded his ambition, and he relinquished the idea---

hustle

Bustle through three characters in the same night---was anxious to make herself *useful* to the manager.---Seven or eight *lengths** were nothing to her capacity---she could go on for any *part* at a day's notice--valued herself on being a *quick study*--never *feigned illness* or made the *stage stand*—could *double and dress* with any lady in the three kingdoms, and actually performed on one night, IMOINDA and CAPTAIN DRIVER in OROONOKO; and on another, LADY TOWNLY and JOHN MOODY in the PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Hesperus beginning to twinkle through the canopy of the heavens, EDWIN turned his thoughts upon departing in peace, first requesting the loan of a play-book from Miss HAWK's library to amuse him in retirement---the lady politely offered him *As you like it*, and *Love finds the way*, but EDWIN preferred *Every man in his humour*, and *Measure for Measure*.

* A length is forty-two lines;

The season allotted for their performance at Waterford being now expired, every actor's hope was fixed on his winter's engagement, and the company were convened by the manager to take a cheerful glass on their separation: It was then that EDWIN had the misfortune to discover from a Frenchman, a dancer, who went by the name of SHUTER, that after he had finished his chaste visits to the agreeable Miss HAWK, his companion who procured the means of subsistence by his dexterity on "The light fantastic toe," used to succeed him as a lover, and reap the fruits of a flame, the unknowing comedian had only folly enough to raise!

A few days previous to EDWIN's quitting WATERFORD, a misfortune occurred; it was simply this---A poor fellow of the name of PATRICK O'KEAGHEHAN, in the honest endeavour to find his way home from a *shebeen* house after dark, made a small mistake, took the helm of a Norway brig in the harbour for his own house, and in labouring to enter, stumbled over an
eighteen

eighteen-inch cable, fell plump into the river, and was drowned.—The body was taken up the next day, and agreeably to the customs of Ireland was to be *waked* the ensuing night---to this ceremony EDWIN as a stranger was invited, and the more especially as he had often given the deceased a glass full of beverage, vulgarly called WHISKEY. The Comedian went and found the *mourners* assembled in a cellar under an usquebaugh shop on the quay---after a formal introduction to the relative of the deceased, he took his seat among the rest of the visitors, and had his allotment of a pipe of tobacco, some grilled cake, snuff, and half a pint of spirits---the body was deposited in a heavy elm coffin, which was placed upon two stools in the middle of the apartment with the lid half removed.—Over this hung the gentle relict of the departed, bathing the cold forehead of her dead lord with tears.---After many ghostly admonitions from PETER BALLYBOUGH, the parish priest, the wretched lady permitted herself to be dragged from the corpse---took *a sup of the Crater*---sat down---hid her countenance in her

her hands---and profusely wept like another *Alcyone*!---The seat of lamentation however was not long unoccupied---JUGGY PONSONBY, who was cousin-german to O'KEAGHEHAN's foster-mother, uprose from the corner of the room---flew to the wooden case of benumbed mortality, and vented her grief in accents that were probably heard at a league's distance.---When she had repeatedly ejaculated with great earnestness, wringing her hands, "Arrah now PADDY " why did you die?" the whole company united in a general *pullulleloo*, the noise of which almost breaking the drum of poor EDWIN's ears, he was in the act of stopping them with his thumbs, which being perceived by his immediate neighbour, BRIAN O'Row, who dealt in *fruit* and *timber*, at Dungarvan, he griped the left wrist of the tremulous comedian, and vociferated, " why " bl---d-a-nouns man what are you about?" This salutation brought EDWIN to his senses, and he zealously joined in the pious orgies with all the devotion of a mad bacchanal.--

When

When this ceremony was concluded, SHELAH MULLOWNEY was called upon for a chaunt---after three loud hems, and two coarse apologies, the fair digger of turf sung, or rather bellowed as follows---

As my true love and I went truffling togedder,
We called at the sign of the grisken and medder :
Och there we danced launstram poney togedder,
And often cried whack for the other brown medder:
Sing furillulloo, turiddleliddlelull, burillulloo, turiddle-
liddlelull, furiddle, turiddle, furiddle, and now
boys go merrily WHACK!

When the lovely offspring of beauty came to the concluding monosyllable *Whack*, all the assembly clapped their hands loudly in unison, as if by instinct, and repeated the word with a sonorous emphasis---every thing went on as well as decency could expect, until four in the morning, when an inconsiderable affray took place---FATHER BALLYBOUGH, who had been drowning his grief in vast potations of the Lethean juice, got up with much difficulty and reeled in a zig-zag direction towards his clay-cold friend, whom he seized by the hand, and crossing his breast thus ejaculated, " bad luck to you, Paddy
now,

now, why was you after going to that same *shebeen* house without first asking my *lave* [my jewel? get out of that with your laughing, you comical bastard," said he tapping the forehead of the deceased, "to be sure you don't remember when I *cotched* you tickling KATTY MACFOOSTER's under petticoat in the chapel itself you *Spalpeen*, last Lammas; but I forgive you with all the veins in my heart so I do---here you *taaf* of the world, take this and put it under your wig;" continued the disciple of Christ, sticking a short pipe between the teeth of the corpse, "it will *kape* you comfortable in the winter months my honey." At this instant an old crony of PADDY's started up, and thundering out a tremendous oath, "by this book and I swear it," uttered he, kissing the skirt of his coat, "but he shall have some suction as well as all tobacco d'ye see;" and in the endeavour to fix a bottle of spirits at his right ear, in which attempt he was violently opposed by the Priest, a scuffle ensued, which brought the contending parties, dead body and all to the ground---the head of the coffin pitched unluckily

unluckily upon the temple of THADY FOGARTY, who lay stretched upon the floor in a sound sleep, and had not his head been as thick and as impenetrable as the great wall of Tartary, or the Cones of Cherburgh, the abrupt visitation must have shivered his skull to atoms---however the Fates interfered, and THADY gave an unerring testimony of his being in the land of the living, by entertaining his friends for about ten minutes with a hideous roar, not entirely dissimilar to the tones of a dying hog in the victualling office---the lifeless trunk was rolled by the concussion some yards on the floor, and stopped by EDWIN's feet, who was so much alarmed at the accident, that to use an Irish phrase, he *gathered up his duds*---made but three strides from the cellar to the street, and did not even think himself secure when he got nestled, and trembling between the dowlas sheets at his own dormitory.

The preceding information relative to Miss HAWK, escaped the lips of SHUTTER the Dancer, when they were both labouring under the pressure of inebriety---but notwith-

standing that, the humble representative of fops and monarchs registered the base tale in the volume of his brain, and the next morning paid the flippant Actress a visit of resentment, burst the chains of affection asunder in her presence, pronounced the execrations of gallantry, and took a final leave in the following solemn declaration.

“ Oh Madam, oh Miss HAWK, I should still be happy,
If the whole Camp, pioneers and all
Had tasted your sweet body, so I had nothing known.”

He then told her of the voluptuous dancer's vain boasting; and the indignant lady attempted to explain; but EDWIN, like the first oracle of the law, assumed a contemptuous brow—leagued with ferocity—hushed the Lady into silence and bid her fix her *talons* on any other dramatic *pigeon*, for he was resolved that Miss HAWK should not make a prey of his affection. “ Your books, madam, said he, like yourself, have deceived me; they are not *Every Man* in his *Humour*, and *Measure for Measure*, but *Love's Labour Lost* and the *Devil to Pay*.” He then left the

polluted Daphne in tears with the succeeding quotation, which he delivered most tragically as he receded step by step from the presence of the theatric enchantress :

Intolerable deceit ! your sex
Was never in the right ; you're always false,
Or silly ; even your dresses are not more
Fantastick than your appetites ; you think
Of nothing twice : Opinions you have none.
To-day you're nice, to-morrow not so free,
Now smile, then frown ; now sorrowful, then glad ;
Now pleas'd, now not ; and all you know not why :
Virtue you affect, inconstancy's your practice ;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a feast ;
Every rank fool goes down."----

In the course of the summer EDWIN received an invitation to the Edinburgh Theatre, and the death of Mr. STAMPER * the low

* It is worthy of remark that the present justly celebrated Mr. PARSONS of Drury Lane Theatre was selected to succeed Mr. STAMPER in consequence of EDWIN's refusal ; by this circumstance we learn that those great men in their professional capacity were cotemporary in fame during the progress of juvenility.

Comedian, operated as an incitement in the Manager to solicit the assistance of Mr. EDWIN--Affairs were nearly brought to an issue, and an engagement between them determined, but the want of a sufficient sum of money to accomplish so long a journey, forced EDWIN once more to fight under the banner of Mossop, and he left Waterford, October the 15th, 1766, in company with Mr. REMINGTON the Comedian, to walk *ensemble* to Dublin.

Cash being very low with the improvident rambles, and the ridiculous trouble of a wardrobe out of the question, (for EDWIN's whole stock remained in a small trunk with his landlord for ever as a needful deposit for non-payment of arrears,) these comic pedestrians, each armed with a *splinter* of *shillelah*, and a few shillings in their pockets, crossed the river SUIRE on their rout to Dublin, when the day was in the wane, and the yellow-haired God hastily descending behind the western hills to rest his radiant head upon the bosom of the humid Thetis.

They

They had not proceeded more than three miles, when they were saluted on the shoulders by SHUTER the dancer, who hearing of their departure, had with the greatest rapidity procured a piper, and overtook the actors at a little public caravansera, but known in Ireland by the title of a **Sheebeen house*--- The door of this low temple of good fellowship standing invitingly open, they effected their entrance incontinently, and brandy being the most potent liquor to be procured, a bottle was instantly ordered, which, with the sweet notes of the piper, who was an excellent performer, and a dance between the three comrades, occasioned as much temporary happiness as can be experienced by any triumvirate in such circumstances. The brandy being out, the dancers somewhat fatigued, and that sable intruder, night, giving them unquestionable proof of her approaches,

* A *Sheebeen house* is a mean cabin or hut, many of which are to be seen at convenient distances on the public roads of Ireland—the inhabitants deal in bad spirits, tobacco and ale, which they contrive to vend without paying duty---

they

they thought it not altogether imprudent to separate in pursuit of their several avocations. The dancer and piper returned to Waterford, and the high-mettled actors to Dublin; but I should have remarked that before they parted they all kissed the piper.*

From this humble scene of festivity they travelled half a league farther, and that completed their first day's journey—at this point of their peregrination, on the left side of the road, they discovered a miserable hut, one side of which was formed by the embankment of a ditch; the walls were composed of mud and straw, and its roof partially covered with thatch, on which vegetation seemed to triumph in a variety of productions: they certainly would have mistaken this building for a pig-stye, if a *pipe* stuck in the edge of the roof, and a small board affixed in the front, on which was scrawled,

* Kissing is a common mode of salutation among the peasantry of Ireland, whose innocent, yet manly minds, are untinged with an idea that the joyful purposes of nature can be subverted by the hell-born dictates of abomination.

"**DRY LODGING for MAN and HORSE**, by **DARBY LOGAN**" had not informed them that it was the habitation of human beings : they hurried into this calamitous hut, and found a bed without sheets, a piece of hung-beef in the chimney, that had been apparently nine times dried--some potatoes in an iron pot, and a tobacco pipe, which probably had been common to the whole parish, seven inches in length, and as foul as the heart of that holy inquisitor who gave *Galileo* to death : but even the coarse fare of this rural Inn, with the kindly assistance of youth and good spirits, produced as much hilarity in those wandering comedians as a dinner drest by **CAMPBELL** at the **SHAKESPEARE** in his best manner would in the minds of individuals not so legally allied to mirth and good humour.

The Host of the Inn was the prototype of **BONNIFACE** in the **STRATAGEM**, and his vociferous information that you might have any thing else but the precise article after which you have enquired, was oddly verified by their not being able to procure viands of
any

any description, excepting boiled potatoes and some hung beef as hard as the knots of an oak table; but even hard beef and potatoes are not to be rejected when men are hungry, and necessity gives the word of command. EDWIN and REMINGTON were preparing for bed, when GEORGY the fiddler and another child of Phœbus made their appearance in the offing; after mutual congratulations they agreed to join company, and pursue their journey the next day together, pursuant to this resolution,

When like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From hideous black to red did turn.

They set off in despite of a gentle shower of rain, and for mere diversion: when they arrived at a heath, they all four danced the witches reel in MACBETH to the melody of their own voices, and the entertainment of a few rustics, assisted by a blind harper, who tho' well skilled in the sweet airs of CAROLAN, *knew as much about VESTRIS, and the gra-

* The harp or lyre of the ancients, so much celebrated by the Greek poets, was composed of an hollow frame, over which
ces,

ces, as a haberdasher does of Hebrew--EDWIN seeing his companions and the clowns preparing for their departure, demanded their attention while he preached them a sermon, and on his promising to be as concise as possible, they readily complied, and he began as follows—

In the fifth chapter of Job, verse the seventh, you will find these words.

which several strings were thrown, probably in some such manner as we see them on a harp and dulcimer. They did not much resemble the viol, as the neck of that instrument gives it peculiar advantages, of which the ancients seem to have been wholly ignorant—the musician was accustomed to stand with a short bow in his right hand and a couple of small thimbles upon the fingers of his left: with these he held one end of the string, from which an acute sound was to be drawn, and then struck it immediately upon the bow—In the other parts he swept over every string alternately, and allowed each of them to have its full sound. This practice became unnecessary afterwards, when the Instrument was improved by the addition of new strings, to which the sounds corresponded. Horace tells us, that in his time, the lyre had seven strings, and that it was then much more musical than it had been originally—

“ Man

“ Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward”

I shall divide this discourse (said EDWIN)
and consider it under the three following
heads.

- 1 Man's ingress into the World,
- 2 A Man's progress through the World,
- 3 His egress out of the World.

- And 1 A Man's Ingress into the World, is naked and
bare,
- 2 His progress through the World, is trouble and
care.
- 3 And lastly, his egress out of the World, is
nobody knows where.

To Conclude.

If we do well here, we shall do well there,
I can tell you no more, if I preach a whole year.

The Song of “*Four and twenty fiddlers all
on a row,*” by EDWIN, and a mock Hornpipe
by REMINGTON, who drew the flap of his shirt
out of his breeches before to answer the idea
of trowsers, while the strolling musicians
sawing out the tune with all their art finished
the performance---this combination of drol-
eries occasioned much genuine laughter,

and the actors and their audience parted infinitely pleased with each other.——

After these ridiculous vagaries, a smart walk of about fifteen miles brought them to a village where they breakfasted and dried their habiliments---before their repast was finished, a poor silly fellow called BILLY BAKER, who had been in the Waterford company, made his *entre*; this lad, they found afterwards, had seen the party on their march from a hill at some distance, and enquired them out from stage to stage---An inclination for the honours of the drama, without the least pretension to ability, was the cause of BILLY BAKER's bankruptcy in fame and circumstances: this glaring insufficiency induced some comical rogues in Dublin, to persuade BILLY to join Mr. RYDER's company at Waterford, at the same time intimating that he was in want of a singer, and a man of his particular merits---The weak lad, who was professionally a Baker, took their advice literally---left his friends---went to Waterford, and confidently applied

applied to Mr. RYDER for an engagement, who seeing him a poor deluded being, and pennyless, received him into his company from motives of compassion, to assist in the menial offices of the stage, such as carrying messages---hallowing and shouting behind the scenes---representing dumb lords---statesmen, conspirators and peasants---joining in the chorus of "one and all" "*we do*"---"*we will*"---"*Bravo,*" &c. supporting the side wings, and bowing to every bashaw of an Actor, who had the merit to perform a King or a Conqueror, and receive a more considerable salary than himself---The audience observing his folly, and finding he had been a *Baker*, and his name *Billy*, gave him the familiar title of BILLY BAKER, which was continually vociferized by some of them, whenever he made his appearance on the stage: "Well done, BILLY"---"BRAVO, BILLY BAKER"---"that's right, BILLY"---were the constant salutations, and BILLY, though the worst comedian in the company, attracted as much notice, and occasioned as much merriment as the best.

EDWIN

EDWIN asked the Baker on his arrival if he had any money to bear his expences to Dublin, but Billy replied

“ Alas I have not a ducat in the World,”

“ Yet am I in love, and pleas'd with ruin.”

Why then, replied one of the wags, “ Coin your nose,” for be it observed that BILLY had an immeasurable *proboscis*, with a large red pimple on the tip, and EDWIN remarked that it was the first time he ever could perceive humour in the baker's countenance---

The actors consulted on a method to bring him to his friends, and after a variety of resolutions, it was at last agreed to take him into their service during their journey; and BILLY BAKER was accordingly sworn in as principal *Valet de Chambre* to those erratic claimants of the sock and buskin.

The two fiddlers parted with the actors after breakfast, each taking a different path, and the journey to Dublin (excepting the pain of sore feet, occasioned by unusual exertions) was rendered very pleasant by the
 attentions

attentions and services of BILLY--their own observations---freaks of fancy---and the peculiar eccentricities of the Irish peasantry, who abound in more oddity, whim, and good-nature, than any other set of people on the habitable globe.

EDWIN was accustomed to speak thus appropriate of Ireland--The graces of hospitality were never more beautifully preserved than in our sister kingdom; there Urbanity sits upon every threshold to beckon the way-worn traveller to participate the comforts of domestic peace, while Charity, like a modest inmate of the mansion, labours with gentle officiousness, to reduce the miseries of their common guest---it cannot be sufficiently lamented, when such kindnesses are administered to an object unworthy the regards of virtue---our approximate islanders are not predamned by the agonies of social suspicion---there local integrity subdues the harbinger of guilt, and they exist hoodwinked to the vices of more artful nations---they receive the blandishments of deception as the arguments of truth, and become felicitous

citous from a privation of knowledge--in the poignant and pleasant qualities of wit, they are unrivalled, though peculiarly delicate, in the application of the point--possessing sensations which cannot brook an insult, they are cautious of entering into a state of personal defence, for an error which the head may engender unauthorized by the emotions of the heart--they are dignified in the archives of *Paphos* as the selected ministers of VENUS---being intrepid and unsophisticated, their action is firm, and their diction energetic---when a polished Irishman issues a vow to the daughters of beauty, it is the rhetoric of a hero softened and adorned by the solitudes and imagery of love---in short, the kingdom seems in the aggregate as the last and most favoured work of heaven, who affixed it on the western extreme of the universe to elude the complicated sorrows of those empires which rancorously elbow each other on the vast scale of creation, and to be illumined with the final beam of day, when the sun sinks for ever, and temporal glory is no more!

EDWIN

EDWIN and his friend taking some refreshment at the door of a public-house, observed at a distance, a large handsome mansion ---as objects of greatness always beget curiosity, they immediately enquired who was the possessor?---The landlord informed them his name was Sir FELIX O'BORO, and said at the same time, " you must know by " the Immaculate that he is a comical " COLMAN, for when I first came to reside " here from sweet Ballinamona about five " years ago, he constantly came to my house " in the evening to take a sup of the " righteous, as he called it, which you " must know my honey, was Brandy and " Water---Says he to me one day, you " VOKEEN, you BLARNEY GALLAGHER, " where are you after buying your Brandy?" " ---At PHELAM O'SHAUGHNESSY's, in " Thomas-street, said I, your honour."--- " By the powers of MARY KELLY, said he, " you'll get it better at THADY GEOGHE- " GHAN's, and so d'ye see to oblige so good " a customer, I sent to the *Spalpeen* he re- " commended, for a large quantity, when, " *ogbone*, what the devil do you think he was
after

after doing?" I don't know upon my soul, replied EDWIN. "Why then I'll tell you by the holy Peter, *arrab mon jowl*, bad luck to him I say, when the brandy arrived, may my mother's son be *Spificated* if he did not take to rum, and so my dear fellows the Coniac remained as quiet in my cellar, *agra*, as the spirit of a faint in the third heaven!---

"Pray friend, said EDWIN, the question being somewhat *apropos*, permit me to ask it,"—"as many questions as you like, rejoined the host, for I dare say by the twist of your muscles that it is a good thing." "Why then, continued EDWIN, be so condescending, so civil and familiar, as to tell me what this means.

A disappointed lobster and an oyster in love---

FOR

ELIZABETH CANNING and a willow bonnet are to be expressed by the name of a liquor much in use in this country.

"By the piper of Blessingtoun" said the Landlord, but you are a *rum* fello w." Why then, "retorted EDWIN, "if that's the case,

VOL I.

G

I'll

take to *brandy*, so here's my service to your friend at the large house on the hill." The conviviality of this party was somewhat strengthened by the assistance of a Frenchman, who at that instant called for a jorum of ale, and sat down on a seat made of green fods at the door.

A Frenchman in the bosom of Ireland appears at best but a singular being—therefore the actors, as well as the host, made somewhat free with what they thought the absurdities of his character*. The conversation taking a serious turn, REMINGTON and the shrugging subject of *Louis quinze* got into a dialogue, in a small degree tinged with asperity; the theme was the French language, and they disputed with some warmth upon the pronounciation and propriety of particular words—the Englishman had stu-

* It is to be lamented that the lower orders of society in Great Britain and Ireland feel an unwarrantable and cruel propensity to treat foreigners with disrespect, and this conduct must appear to them the more extraordinary, as the very idea of being a stranger on the continent operates only to make the natives more civil and attentive---

died the idiom with great attention, and was grammatically grounded in both Latin and French—on the contrary the foreigner knew no more of his own language than what was indiscriminately and generally spoken; and found it as difficult to defend what he had advanced as a lawyer will probably on the day of judgment, should he presume to put in his claim for the benefits of salvation—The material bone of contention was a technical term—after much altercation and many positive declarations on both sides, the Englishman said with much modesty (for REMINGTON certainly possessed modesty, tho' he had trod the stage for seven years) “ well, Monsieur, I am perfectly convinced that I am right, but am also equally assured it is impossible to convince you against the current of your inclination, for I perceive that your opinions are completely Hudibrastic.

“ The man convinc'd against his will,

“ Is of the same opinion still.”

But I will have my assertions decided by any man of letters in the village”---Here the

Frenchman raised the laugh against himself by eagerly replying, " Ver good---*ma foi*---man of letters ! ha, ha, ha ! vat de postman I suppose ?"---" So i'ts a postman you were after talking about," rejoined the host, " by my *fait* that puts me in mind of a story d'ye see---You must know Gentlemen, but first here's my hearty service to you, that I lived once about a mile on this side of Cork, my jewel ; and Mr. SHUTER, that comical son of a *Canary*---I mean the play-actor my *dare*, who kept Smock-alley in credit, stopped at my door one summer afternoon as it may be now d'ye see—to be sure I didn't give him a *keemeelafaultu*, and what d'ye think he wanted ? Why I'll tell you, *pulla-loo* Katty, to *ax* me whereabouts the town of *Bottle-stopper* was.---Is it *Bottle-stopper* you want, said myself, so I says to my wenches here, you JUGGY, KATHLEEN, NORAH, can you tell where the town of *Bottle-stopper* stands ?"---" The de'el burn me," answered *bote* the girls," " if ever I heard of it."---Upon which said I to SHUTER, get out of that, *wid* your joking man, are you after coming here to bodder us ?"---" Not I,

upon my * *Kiddy*," said SHUTER, "pozzorozativo, galluminevus, tushmereen, oxumbrosio, peloteero, pottowouski, snaggs; but my boy, as you don't understand Greek I perceive, tell me what place is that great town yonder?"---"That town," said I, "why bad manners to you, that's Cork to be sure."---"Why then you silly b---h," replied SHUTER, "is not *Cork* and *Bottle-stopper* the same thing?"

This landlord, who was a droll fish, called NED SHUTER a wet actor, and confessed that he had no violent objection to the *crater* himself---told his guests that he seldom went to bed sober, and was never up long before he was tipsy---knew every stage of intoxication, and almost every name and mode of expressing it according to the humour of the speaker.

"Observe me now said he—a Fop of a fellow would say, a man in that situation was

* The usual asseveration of the late lamented EDWARD SHUTER.

Hocus, non se ipse, elevated, electrified, or non compos mentis—A penny barber would say, he was *in the suds, or terribly cut*—and so honies a sailor would talk about his being—*Half seas over—across the line, out of his latitude*—another would say, *he had bunged his eye, was knocked up—how came you so—had got his little hat on—had been in the sun—was in for it—much disguised—Clipped the King's english—Bosky—Fuddled—muddled Tipsey—Dizzy—Muzzy—Sucky—Rocky—Groggy—Blind as Chloe—Mops and brooms*—But what signifies my ringing the changes upon the phrases of Bacchus to such milk-sops as you? continued the landlord, you are all too sober to be honest fellows—meet three Englishmen and you may catch two *philosophers—so here is wishing you all better

The English, by various writers on the continent, as frequently as by the Irish, have been stiled a *nation of philosophers*; whether this was meant as a compliment, or otherwise, remains as yet to be determined—there is a glimmering of sarcasm in the remark, obviously reductive of our self-love as combined individuals, but yet not sufficiently palpable to be directly applied to our disadvantage

better education—Thus he exhausted the bottle by degrees till he got as drunk as Silenus.

While our host lay snoring by the fire-side, REMINGTON told a story which he averred to have happened at *Ballyshannon*, in the county of *Donegal*—The Lord of the Manor of that district, having an urgent oc-

vantage as a people—the term *philosopher* was first adopted by the sage of Samos, but assuredly not meant to convey the same ostentatious idea as it does at present—PYTHAGORAS was the first of the Sophists whose modesty inclined him to reject the appellation of *wise* for that of a *lover of wisdom*—with us it rather seems to imply firmness under the embarrassments incidental to our being, than eagerness to embrace the points of learning—in the present singular state of society, a man need only be very stupid and very silent to acquire the character—the meaning of the term certainly changes with the operations of accident—the study of modern philosophers is not, like that of the antients, confined to the obscurities of the school. DES CARTES, LOCKE, MONTESQUIEU, and MAUPERTIUS, were as eminently noted for polish of exterior as intelligence of mind, but when the vulgar of Britain are denominated philosophers by a foreign observer, I cannot believe the observation is meant to be subservient to their honor, or significant of their magnanimity.

casion for a sum of money, which had been due to him for some time from one of his Tenants, who kept the sign of the Three Compasses in that town, dispatched his Steward with particular orders to return the same night, and bring the cash with him at all events---The Steward arrived at *Ballyshannon* in the afternoon on the fair-day, and was not a little surpris'd to find that both sides of the highway, for a mile before he entered the town, were flanked by a prodigious number of men and women, who lay prostrate in the last stage of drunkenness---When he arrived at the *auberge*, he was considerably chagrined to behold the host of the Compasses precisely in the same state: but what could he do in such circumstances? his master was inexorable in his commands, and the completion of his wishes was apparently impossible; he told his tale to a number of persons who had assembled in the Kitchen, among whom was a Horse Doctor; who undertook to restore the *Landlord* to sobriety in five minutes, for a trifling gratuity; the thing appeared to be impracticable, but as desperate men grasp at shadows, the solici-

tous

tous domestic complied with the terms---the Hippocrates of quadrupeds instantly called for a lighted candle, took off the flaxen wig from the *cranium* of the lusty host---applied the blaze of the taper to the top of his skull, which was damped by the spirit of the liquor, having oozed through the pores---it immediately caught fire, and having burnt blue for three minutes and a half, the Lord of the three Compasses started from his chair with all his faculties in perfection---stood as perpendicular as the Trajan column---and executed incontinently the wishes of the Steward to the amazement of a gaping assembly.

The various epithets applied by the Landlord to express intoxication, induced REMINGTON to descant thus---“It is curious, continued he, to observe the different words and methods different characters have of denominating the same vice or virtue---and a Turk, a Bramin, a Persian, an Indian, or any inhabitant of any country whose customs and dress are widely different from our own, may possess in his sentiments all the
moral

moral dignity that should sublime the human heart, and yet excite by his manner and language the ridicule rather than the respect of an European auditory.

Custom and fashion reconcile all things, and there is a fashion even in our speech as well as in our drapery, which changes almost annually---within a few years every thing has been *immensely great, immensely little*--BIDDY TIPPET from the Cloisters in Smithfield, could not drink tea at the White Conduit House, with Master PARCHMENT from Blow-bladder-Street, unless it was an *immense* fine day, yet probably it might rain so *immense* there can be no going no where without a Coach--Then we were tormented with the high-sounding epithet, *elegant* upon all occasions---an *elegant House, elegant Garden, elegant Air, elegant Water, elegant Fire*, came rapidly from the contracted lips of every lisping spinster within the bills of mortality---anon every thing was the *Barber*, and if even a chimney-sweeper ran against a decent person, it was the *Barber*--the *Barber* then gave way to the *Shaver*, and we were

were trimmed by the *Shaver*, from Piccadilly to Wapping---then every thing was a *bobby horse*; whether a man was fond of Hunting, Drinking, Wenching, or Gaming, it was a *bobby horse*---to the hobby horse succeeded the *Macaroni*, and he nominated every rational creature a *Bore*, exclaimed, *it was all that sort of thing---just so---very---vastly, and quite the rage.*

Some persons grossly misapply their words---as *light as lead*---as *heavy as a feather*. Others make similies in telling a story totally irrelative and unapposite. One man was saying to another, “ as I was crossing a field, I saw a Bull who run at me like *pardition*, I run away like *Thunder*, and as I was endeavouring to jump over a style, I tore my breeches as if *Heaven and Earth were coming together*”---To how many uses the word JACK is applied ! there is---

A JACK to pull off your boots.

A JACK to roast meat.

A black varnished JACK to hold liquor.

A JACK

A JACK dancing on the key of a Harp-
fichord.

Then we have a fish called a JACK, and a
beast called a JACK.

You'll find a JACK KETCH in London,
and a JACK DAW in the Country.
The Lion has his JACK-ALL in the
forest, the bowler has his JACK upon
the Green.

The Gamester has his JACK upon the
cards.

And there is a SMOKE JACK.

A JACK twisted upon the Spritsail top
head.

A JACK a DANDY.

JACK a STYLES.

A JACK a LANTHORN.

And a JACK a NAPES.

In France a Briton is called JACK ROAST
BEEF.

In England we call him JOHN BULL.

But apprehensive that the descriptive
JACK will play the Will-o'th'-wisp with my
faculties, and lead me into the morasses of
error, I shall drop the family of the JACKS
entirely,

entirely, which are as numerous and respectable in this kingdom, as the family of the STAFFS mentioned by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq---the family of the WRONGHEADS known in every country---the O's of Ireland or the MACs of Caledonia.

But to return to the Hero of these memoirs, I must acquaint the reader that after REMINGTON had finished his sarcastic dissertation, the comical triumvirate paid the amount of their bill and departed---when they had journeyed for three days and a half thro' flinty roads and bye-ways, up hill and down dale---thro' bog and thro' briar, they arrived in Dublin, very much fatigued, shoeless, pitiable, joyless and pennyless.

BILLY BAKER was immediately dispatched to raise the supplies, or in other words to borrow money of the charitably inclined; but whether it arose from the ill success of his negotiation or his ingratitude I am not completely informed, but certain it is that his forlorn friends never saw him more, and EDWIN and REMINGTON walked to the Castle

the bagnio on Temple Bar, with intestines uncheered by the comforts of a supper, to chaunt ungorged with dainties their evening orisons—rest their weary extremities, and wait for the visitations of Aurora to try the brittle friendship of some monied varlets who had the honor to stand enrolled in the catalogue of their associates

After a night of mental perturbation—short slumbers—heavy sighs—vociferous starts and much kicking and growling in spirit, the cock crew—the majesty of the hill of Howth was arrayed in purple—and the golden tresses of Apollo perceptible over the Horizon of Dublin Bay—to be familiar, the morning came at last, and REMINGTON fal-
lied forth to make the serious attempt, while EDWIN was left in pledge for the reckoning, and happy for both parties the cherubs of charity were complacent, and REMINGTON'S application not fruitless.

The sight of a *guinea* revived poor EDWIN from depression—he threw the cloak of lassitude from his soul—his pertness became re-
braced

braced—and he took in consequence a lodging on the Batchelors Walk in the same house with JEFFRYS and his Wife, who had performed at Waterford in the Summer and belonged to the Theatre in Smock Alley, which remained under the conduct of Mr. Mossop—

That Theatre opened soon after EDWIN'S arrival in the capital, and tho' the payments were irregular and scanty, Discretion made up the deficiency—three weeks often passed on without a moiety of a week's demand, and then perhaps there was an office of payment on a Saturday night after the performance: on the arrival of that Actors, Painters, Carpenters, Taylors, Scene men, Fiddlers, Lamplighters, Painters, Door-keepers, Composer's, Property-men, Copyists, Prompter, Call-boy and Authors, all pressed forward to the office, treading on each others heels and toes—wrestling, snarling, jostling and digging with the elbows, like so many candidates for the laurel when the destinies biseft the thread of a courtly poet's exillence. Thus in strong compacted bodies moved the
motley

motley famished congress towards the chest which contained the sinews of dramatic legislation—a hundred tongues wagged at once in the full diapason of horror, and seriously demanded, as with one voice, *if money was to be bad ???*

Mr. CHRISTIE, the treasurer, held a most unpleasant office, and the titles bestowed on him by those who were unfortunate enough to be left out of the list of payments, were not composed of the pleasantest syllables of the language.

Ejaculations of despair and looks of melancholy were heard and seen in almost every visage—Alecto and her inexorable affinitives seemed to marshal the vicissitudes of the awful moment.—

PERETTI the Italian Singer's mode of addressing the treasurer was rather whimsical: "SIGNOR CHRISTIE, tella me Sir, is dere any monies for me?"—as the answer in nine instances out of ten, was conveyed in a snug negative, he usually followed up the demand thus: "Cotta blelsa my foul—cotta dam---dis is pretty vel bad---ah me wish me was
at

at Londres—Cotta bleffa Covent-garden in
 Londres—Cotta a bleffa a you, SIGNOR
 BEARD—*voi avete un buono cuore*. I should
 inform the reader that PERETTI had sung the
 preceding winter at Covent Garden Thea-
 tre, and whoever has been in that seminary
 of the mufes, while under the direction of
 Mr. BEARD, Mr. COLMAN or Mr. HAR-
 RIS, must have experienced the most rigid
 punctuality in pecuniary matters, and a cer-
 tain politeness of demeanour, which if even
 dissembled, never failed to endear both the
 obliger and the obliged.

EDWIN had the good fortune to be of
 much use in the business of the Dublin
 Theatre, and consequently often had the sa-
 tisfaction to receive one half or a third of
 his salary; a blessing that was not generally
 extended to his compeers.

The laugh-creating subject of these me-
 moirs, has frequently declared to me, that it
 was at this stage of his being, when he first
 began to feel the springs of ambition moving
 in his mind—when the seeds of that honour-
 able resolution to be a great man were first

sown, seeds which have been since fructified with so much advantage to the character of the dead mimic of Momus and the temporary felicities of society—he adopted the advantageous idea that all excellence is acquired by progression, and was resolved that no day should be sacrificed to oblivion before it had yielded some additional strength to his experience—thus copying the sublime example of *Apelles*, and the *Caracci*, who to whet the impulse of vaulting glory, and keep the guardians of genius from slumber, had the following inscription blazoned in large letters in their schools of design—

Nulla dies sine linea.

By this method they made an imagination rich, which probably was not originally promising, and like a sterile promontory fertilized by cultivation, were enabled by the aids of art to implant and call forth images of beauty into blossom, which nature intended should be foreign to the soil !

The mortifications occasioned by non-payments

ments frequently produced some whimsical events—Mossop's lodging had a communication with the Theatre, and TENDUCCI, who had received a freezing negative in regard to payment, vowed vengeance on the Manager---“ *Ventre bleu* I will go up stairs and put my sword in his belly,” uttered the despoiled animal in *recitative* : the Italian was an expert fencer, nor was Mossop deficient in the science of defence, but having more strength and savageness than the vocal *castrato*, when the latter entered the room, and squeaking exclaimed “ I become to fight you, Mr. Mossop,” the actor, with a cur of the nose and a horrid grin on his visage, replied in accents of thunder, “ you *ultramontane* scoundrel, I will teach you to rebel against your commanding officer.” The application was instantaneous ; Mossop's foot indented the *gluteus* of the minstrel, and poor TENDUCCI tumbled down stairs, in quicker time than he ascended !

Mossop, tho' a man of good sense, was very proud and hasty in his manner, yet uncommonly slow in his acting ; and his pauses were of

an immoderate length, particularly that in ZANGA preceding the words " 'Twas I ;—" during which a person might walk out of the Theatre, call a coach and be back time enough to know—" 'Twas I did it."—The rehearsals were very irregular in his Theatre, and much confusion ensued from the arbitrary principle with which he governed—Mossop was grand and important even to a point of ridicule, on the score of lineage and education, and not unfrequently ferocious in his demeanor*. A little fat Trumpeter in the last act of RICHARD the THIRD, giving his "tan tan tiddy ran," in the wrong place, Mossop ran furiously off the stage, and

* That vile assumption of importance which we so frequently encounter on the pride of birth, is perhaps of all human weaknesses the most difficult to be defined by the pen of philosophy—it should be noted as the triumph of local ambition over general worth, but of this grand truth I am morally certain, that the ridiculous pride of lineage would never have been enforced with so much industry, had not a galling sense of unworthiness impelled the animal to seize on those adventitious points of false estimation which are permitted to exist in social life, independent of the nobler qualities of the mind.

directing

directing his tragical fist to the Trumpeter's tun-belly, who was in the act of blowing his clarion, the sound which it produced seemed to signify that the musician's last breath had departed through his instrument.

The Prompter to the company, a lame man that used spectacles, gave the Manager the word one night in the middle of a pause, which so offended him, that he deliberately walked off the stage, took hold of the communicant's head, which was none of the smallest, and drove it three times against the wall, in the very paroxysm of fury—told him he would knock his false eye out, and annihilate his nothingness, and then returned calmly to his duty and finished the scene. This Prompter, whose name was GEMEA*, was a man of whom every veteran of the stage has heard anecdotes fraught with humour and singularity---he was characterised

* This whimsical event has been recited with much address and effect by Mr. COLLINS in his amusing olio called the EVENING BRUSH.

as an Athiest*, tho' I believe the application was unfounded in veracity---he had been an erratic barn-door actor, and for many years was deprived of the use of his left arm, notwithstanding which impediment he contrived to play the first parts in both Tragedy and Comedy :---He performed one night for his own benefit, or rather as they phrase it in the Green-room, *went on* for RICHARD the THIRD, and as he had only the use of his right arm, the other appendage of his body being withered, he took he took especial care to place the useless member behind him, before he made his appearance on the stage, under the fear that it might embarrass its ac-

* The supposition that any human being, in the possession of intellectual health, could be an Athiest, has ever been rejected by my understanding as a circumstance wholly impossible—I am certain that the feeblest efforts of contemplation must overthrow an error so supremely horrible—the constitution of man, his dependencies and obligations—the universe, its phenomena and the principles on which the harmony of its wonderful revolutions are established, must in some degree irresistibly force themselves upon the mind in the hour of retirement, and make the animal pious in despite of his mental abomination.

tive

tive brother---but unluckily for him, every time he exerted his voice, he could not avoid shaking the lame arm out of its place---

Having adjusted his lifeless extremity and habiliments, he stalked with collected majesty to the lamps on the stage, and began thus:

"Now are our brows crown'd with victorious wreaths."

At this division of the argument, his left arm made its appearance, which he instantly and unkindly flapped back with the right hand.

"Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings."

Now the left arm appeared again, and was again chastised.

"Grim visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front."

H 4

Ditto

Ditto the arm, and ditto the consequences.

In this manner did he proceed, and whenever he particularly enforced a word, it was immediately followed by a stroke from the right arm—whether the unseemly tyrant soothed or raved—fought or prayed, the complexion of the issue was easily foretold—the end of every scene was a loud burst of laughter from the astonished auditory. Poor GEMEA was as singular in his mode of discoursing as he was in his person and manner. A Waterman who was rowing him over the Liffey struck up the song of

“ Bacon, beans, salt beef and cabbage,

“ Butter milk and oaten bread.

Fol der iddle lol, Fol der iddle lol,

Fol der iddle, oddle iddle, tol lol lol.

Sir, said the Prompter, with much gravity, you are wrong; it is not Fol der iddle lol.

What is it then, my master ? said the vocal Charon.

Why

Why it is Fa, la ra, da.

How should I know that, my master ?

Read the book, you varlet !

But I must leave the Prompter and return to the Actor—EDWIN had now contracted an acquaintance with a Mr. WALDEGRAVE, a performer of Smock Alley, who valued himself for his powers in MACBETH* ;
and

* I have always considered MACBETH as the most difficult character to be aptly assumed in the whole round of SHAKESPEAR'S drama, but *maugre* the allowed hazard of the undertaking, we scarce behold a whipster on the stage, who does not imagine himself qualified to depict all the variety of passion, and if I may be allowed the phrase *demi-passion*, of that wonderfully agitated personage.—A friend of mine, of high celebrity in the literary world, who has been in the habit of observing our *London Macbeths* for the last forty years, wrote the following lines,

Old QUIN ere fate suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
In studied accents grumbled out Macbeth.
Next GARRICK came, whose utterance truth imprest,
While every look the tyrant's guilt confest :
Then the cold SNERIDAN half froze the part,
Yet what he lost by nature, sav'd by art.

Tall

and exported by Mr. Mossop's agent in London with several others—this young gentleman's conceit was exactly proportioned to his insufficiency—and to register the truth, the majority of them were ignorant, vain and presuming—in their professional efforts the V. and W. like the figurantes in a Ballet, often changed sides, and the samples of

Tall BARRY next advanc'd tow'rd Birnam wood,
Nor ill perform'd, what scarce he understood.
Grave Mossop then erect, pursu'd his march,
His words were minute guns—his actions starch.
Rough HOLLAND too—roll'd round his savage eye,
Half stamp'd with excellence from David's die.
Then heavy ROSS essay'd the tragic frown,
But beef and pudding kept all meaning down :
Next slippant SMITH assum'd the murderer's mask,
While o'er his tongue light tript the horrid task.
By trick not acumen, he toil'd to please,
And all the man was bustle, noise and ease.
Hard MACKLIN late guilt's feelings strove to speak,
While sweats infernal drench'd his iron cheek.
Then error's pin-basket JOHN KEMBLE came,
Who builds his arrogance on publick shame.
Like FIELDING's Kings, his fancied triumph's past,
All he can boast is that—he fail'd the last !!!

Cockney

Cockney English were not unfrequent, tho' on all occasions abhorrent.

One of those callow candidates for public fame, giving a description averred, "that he said, that she said, that it was no such thing; and he said that she said, that he should say that it was monstrous wrong for to come for to go for to say so—and that he verily believed that she did that there thing for the purpose."

Another youth who was engaged for the tyrants in Tragedy, and who unquestionably thought himself professionally as great as Mr. GARRICK, told the company the ensuing story.

"Mr. SPRIGGINGS vos saying t'other day, as how he *werily* did think that *weal* was better eating than *wenson*; to be sure *weal* is *wery* good of the kind; but Mr. SPRIGGINGS, says I, *gimme wenson, gimme wenson*, says I, Mr. SPRIGGINGS: for my part, as for the matter of that, d'ye see, I vos *wastly* fond of *wenson*, for after all now, what

what can be more *betterer* or more *fitterer*,
 Eh? I *wow* its the *wery* best of *whittles*,
 isn't it, eh? and for a man to say as how
 that *weal* *was* *betterer* then *wenson* is cer-
 tainly *wery* monstrous and *woid* of all reason;
 isn't it eh? He might as well say that *wice*
 ought to be *walued* above *wirtue*, or that
vawnuts can be pickled *vithout* *winegar*;
 mightn't he, eh?—I *axt* him, says I d'ye
 think now, neighbour SPRIGGINGS, that *Cow-*
cumbers are good without *Ingons*, and so he
 gave *sich* an out o'th' *vay* *arnswer*, that I
 told him him, says I, Mr. SPRIGGINGS, you
werily deserve to be pelted *vith* *brick bracks*,
 and rolled in the *kindle* says I, till you are
 as black in the face as a *chimbly sweeper*, says
 I, and *that there* comes, says I, as a *vawning*
 for *windicating* *sich* an *apinion*. I *vos* right,
 wasn't I, eh?—And so then he *tawked* *sum-*
mat about being *scrowdged* and *squeedged* by
 the mob in the *vitsen week*, and *this bere*
 and *that there*, and things of *that there*
kynd, and so he *vonted* me to take a *vawk*
 as far as the *peeches* in *Common Garden*; but
 says I, Mr. *Spriggings* says I, you are a
wile, *worthless*, *wappid* feller, says I, and so
 I don't

don't want no more conversation with people that don't know common sense says I: I was right, wasn't I, eh?—besides, says I, you are as ignorant as the wery commonests of ratches, who do nothing at all but talk about

“Breakfastes and toastesses, and running their heads against Postesses.”

Had the Reverend Mr. * HERRIS been in existence and heard this speech, he would have instantly declared this tragic Hero ignorant of every circumstance incidental to an orator; that he was unacquainted with respiration—situation of the lungs—use of

* This Reverend gentleman, who was never singular for his diffidence, had the temerity about twelve years since to go to Oxford, to teach the gentlemen of that seminary the true mode of pronouncing the English language, though Mr. HERRIS was notorious for speaking with a grating, broad Caledonian accent; but the reception he met with, will not I believe operate as a stimulus to encourage any more attempts of the same kind, from impudent men thus circumstanced.

the

the windpipe—pressure of [the air upon the vocal glands, influence of breathing—power of circulation—situation and use of the larynx and glottis, and the modifications of sound by the organs of the mouth, the tongue, the jaw, the uvula and the nostrils—uninformed of the harmony of speech, modulation of the voice, climax and anticlimax, emphasis, and all the variegated and combined properties of human utterance.

To be a great Actor is to be literally a great man; such an ambitious being as a dramatic volunteer, ought to have a person unexceptionably well proportioned, where the beauties of the *Antinous* are blended with the muscular dignity of the *farnese Hercules*: his fund of animal spirits, like the horn of plenty, should be exhaustless, his imagination creative, and his education liberal; but chiefly and above all, he must be deeply acquainted with the principles of an orator, whereby he may be enabled to enforce the dogmas of truth, and make that apparently amiable, which is in its nature hideous.

This knowledge is indispensably necessary at the *bar*, but more immediately upon the *stage*—To enforce this necessity, I will speak in the words of Quintilian ; “ The strongest argument that an orator can produce, will lose its effect if not supported by an emphatical delivery, for all the passions droop, if they are not inflamed by the tone of voice, the turn of the countenance, and indeed the carriage of the whole body ;” and happy are we, when we have accomplished all this, if even then our judge shall catch our warmth ; by no means can we affect him with a careless indifference, but he must necessarily sink and be dissolved in our drowfiness.” Even the Actors upon the stage afford an excellent example of this, who add so much grace to the productions of our best poets, that in the hearing they give us infinitely greater pleasure than in the reading ; and gain our attention even to such witlefs essays, as the REGENT and the QUEEN of Scots ; so that those pieces shall frequently bring a crowded and listening audience, which judgment will not allow a situation in our library.

“ It

“ It is needless, says a late celebrated writer, to enter upon an enquiry into the Greek and Latin accents, which they divided into *grave*, *acute*, and *circumflex*, and how far the same accents retain their quality with us—but the use of the accented syllables are so important, that they constitute almost the whole harmony of composition—by their different mode of arrangement, a sentence is either easy or flowing, or harsh and unmusical ! these men who have cultivated an ear for speaking or writing, can judge as it were instinctively, whatever is defective or redundant in the structure of any particular period. We find in general, that those sentences are the most harmonious which admit of the greatest number of accented syllables ; that which pleases the ear in reading, is the interval between the accent ; but if these intervals are filled up by a cluster of accented syllables, there is no division in the tone. That this is the reason that when too many emphatic monosyllables are introduced into composition, they never fail to obstruct the harmony, the following examples from MILTON will shew:

O'er

O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' rough, dense, smooth, or rare,
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

In the first line there are three acute accents placed together; and in the other no less than six, provided it is pronounced with just emphasis.—In such words the voice is retained in the same degree of energy and tone, without being allowed to relax into the general intervals now mentioned.

I have attempted to translate the following stanza in sapphic verse, retaining, as exactly as I could, the arrangement of the accented syllable—

¹Pone ²sub ³curru ⁴nimium propinquu

¹Solis ²in ³terra ⁴domibus negata;

¹Dulce ²ridentem ³Lalagen ⁴amabo

¹Dulce ²loquentem

¹Place me where ²sun shine ³ever o'er me scorches,

¹Climés where no mortal ²build his habitation,

¹Yet with my charmer ²fondly will I ³wander,

¹Fondly ²conversing

I have marked the accents according to the emphatic reading—we often find words, that in common discourse bear no forcible signification, yet, are nevertheless in certain situations the most striking in the whole sentence. Take but the following passage from the *Merchant of Venice*, when PORTIA accuses BASSANIO for parting with the ring; he makes this apology :

Sweet PORTIA,
 If you did know TO whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know FOR whom I gave the ring,
 And wou'd conceive for WHAT I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I LEFT the ring,
 When naught would be accepted BUT the ring,
 You wou'd abate the strength of your displeasure.

Here the words “to,” “for,” “what,” “left,” and “but,” are the leading emphatic words.

Certain it is, that harmony of pronunciation was cultivated by the antients with peculiar care*. A learned critic is of opinion,

* I have subjoined an example how the *climax* of speech may be preserved with propriety, even when an equal stress of vocal force accompanies every word.

V
EXAMPLE.

nion, that the tones of voice which they used in publicly reciting their poems, were quite different from those of their common conversation. And I am the more induced to coincide with this opinion, because Cicero informs us, that Roscius, the celebrated actor, had a person behind him on the stage to accompany with an instrument the tones of his speech: and that when by old age, his voice became feeble and tremulous, the artist adapted the warbling of the pipe to the

EXAMPLE.

I MUST WALK UP THAT HILL.

These six words admit of six different ways of laying the emphasis according to the nature of the question; and yet the necessity of laying the emphasis properly is so manifest, that the reader will perceive the least deviation from this rule would be destructive of the true meaning.

If it is asked **WHO** must walk up that hill?

The answer is—I **MUST** walk up that hill.

If it should be required why you walk up that hill?

The answer is—I **MUST** walk up that hill.

Shou'd it be requested—**HOW** you go up that hill?

The answer is—I must **WALK** up that hill.

If demanded which way you walk up that hill?

The answer is—I must walk **UP** that hill.

the pitch and quality of his voice. This is an undeniable proof, that there must have been a considerable degree of melody in their manner of pronouncing.

Dionysius Hallicarnassus has even adapted a part of a verse in Euripides to musical notes, and mentions the exact manner in which it should be uttered.

I have annexed * *principles of elocution* on a new plan.

All speech or language is composed of certain *articulate sounds*, which are here unfolded in the most simple form; some of them are *vocal* and some *not*; they are 29 in number, and divided into four classes, viz. *vowels*, *half-vowels*, *aspirates*, and *mutes*. The first are *purely vocal*, without any obstruction in the mouth; the second likewise vocal, but *obstructed*. The third are only

When interrogated WHICH hill you walk up?

The answer is—I must walk up THAT hill.

If solicited WHERE it is you must walk?

The answer is—I must walk that HILL.

* Vide Herries Elements of speech.

whispers

whispers or articulations of breath. The fourth neither articulations of breath nor of voice, but *quick explosives* arising from the close position of the organs—this will be more clearly illustrated by the following arrangement:

THE SIMPLE SOUNDS in the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Vowels.

Vocal.	¹ Am, ² More, ³ Good, ⁴ Ram, ⁵ Arm, ⁶ Fan, ⁷ Bed, ⁸ Fame, ⁹ See.								
	Half-Vowels.								
	¹ Rim, ² Spur, ³ Hum, ⁴ Fin, ⁵ Song, ⁶ Breath, ⁷ Leave, ⁸ Buz, ⁹ Vision.								

ASPIRATES.

Unvocal.	{	¹ Breath, ² Leat, ³ Buff, ⁴ Wish, ⁵ Hall.
		Mutes.
		¹ Rib, ² Wed, ³ Log, ⁴ Rip, ⁵ Wet, ⁶ Lock.

FORMATION OF THE VOWELS.

The 1st and 4th are produced by the same position of the tongue, which is pulled backwards and much depressed, to render the cavity of the mouth as wide as possible. In the 2d and 3d, the lips are reduced to a more narrow and circular form. The sound

of the first four is much broader and fuller than the rest, arising from the flat position of the tongue.—In the other five, the tongue reaches forward, and gradually ascends towards the arch of the palate, to straiten the passage and render the sound more *acute*. The *e*, which is the last in the scale, is the sharpest and smallest, because the tongue is higher, and the corners of the mouth more extended than the rest. In all the vowels the lower *jaw* assists and accompanies the action of the tongue. The *u* and *e*, which are the 4th and 7th, are in every situation pronounced *short*. Sometimes *two* of these vowels are repeated by *one* mark, as *i* in *kind*, or *u* in *muse*; *i* is a combination of the 4th and 9th, and *u* of the 9th and 3d. That these are the same vowels which occur in almost every syllable of the language, the following specimen will shew.

VOWELS MARKED.

^{8 2 9 4 9 1 9 1 7 4}
 Ha⁸, ho²ly Li⁹ght Of⁴sp⁹ring of Hea¹ven, fi⁷st bo⁴rn,

^{1 1 7 4 6 2 7 4 6 3}
 Or of th' e¹ter¹nal, co-e⁷ter⁴nal Bea⁶m,

^{3 4 9 7 7 9 4 8}
 May I ex³pres⁴s thee un⁹blam'⁷d.

I cannot

^{4 9 6 1 2}
I cannot go.

^{3 8 9 3 9 4 6 4 1 4 9 6 1 3}
Where universal Love not smiles around,

^{4 3 9 1 9 1 1 6 1 8 4}
Sustaining all yon Orbs, and all their Suns.

FORMATION OF THE HALF VOWELS.

As there are three of the *half vowels* for which we have no single or particular mark, viz. the 5th, 6th, and 9th; we shall distinguish them by *ng*, *db*, and *zb*. The half-vowels are all vocals, and capable of musical tones. The fine sound of *l* is produced by applying the top of the tongue to the upper gum, and allowing the breath to escape gently by the *sides*; but if the whole force of the breath be conducted to the top of the tongue, it forms the rough vibration of *r*. The sound of *m*, *n*, and *ng*, is emitted solely through the *nostrils*: in *m*, the breath is stopped at the lips; in *n* at the fore part of the palate, and in *ng*, at the hinder part. The *db*, or 6th half-vowel, is formed by thrusting the top of the tongue gently through the teeth; the *v*, by laying the upper teeth on the under lip; the *z*, by raising the upper part of the tongue in a straight direction

against the palate. And the *z**b*, or 9th half-vowel, by the top of the tongue a little more depressed than in the former. Sometimes the half-vowels form a perfect syllable by themselves, as *l* in bottle, *r* in sceptre, *n* in open, That these vocal articulations likewise occur in language, will appear in the following lines ;

HALF VOWELS MARKED,

Good ⁴Nature ²and ⁴good ⁴Sense ³must ¹always ⁸join ⁹;

To ²err ³is ³human; to ²forgive, ⁷divine.

⁶Know ⁶then ⁶this ⁴truth, ²enough ⁹for ⁴Man ⁴to ⁴know

⁷Virtue ²alone ¹is ⁴Happiness ⁸below,

FORMATION OF THE ASPIRATES.

In pronouncing the *aspirates*, the *glottis* is in the same inactive state, as in whispering or common breathing. Hence it is that they possessed no vocal quality, and are incapable of musical modulation. There are likewise two of the aspirates, viz. the 1st and 4th, for which we have no single mark; we shall represent them, by *th*, and *sh*. The *th* is produced by the same position of the

the organs in the mouth, as the *dh*; the *f* as the *v*, the *s* as the *z*, and the *sh* as the *zh*. All the difference between the four half vowels, and the four aspirates, is, that the former have a *vocal sound* in the throat, and the latter have *not*. The *h*, or 5th aspirate, is only a strong impulse of the *breath* against the palate, as in sighing. The following examples will demonstrate, that in speaking, the aspirates retain still the same *unvocal quality*.

ASPIRATES MARKED.

Of man's ²first ³disobedience³, and the ²fruit
Of that ²forbidden Tree, whose ⁵mortal taste³,
Brought ¹Death into the World——

When even at last, the ³solemn hour ⁴shall come,
And wing my mystic ³flight to ²future Worlds,
I ⁴cheerful ²will obey,

FORMATION OF THE MUTES.

The close formation of the *mutés* obstructs both the *breath* and the *voice*. The first three, *b*, *d*, and *g*, are produced by the
same

same position of the organs, as the *m*, *n*, and *ng*. But in these mutes, no breath is allowed to escape outwardly: There is only an *obscure murmur* heard in the mouth and nostrils, which is scarcely perceptible in common speech. The three last mutes, viz: *p*, *t*, and *k*, are produced in the same manner as the three former, but they are entirely void of any kind of sound; all the consonants, except the *mutes*, have an independent sound of their own, and are pronounced the same, when separated, as when combined.

MUTES MARKED.

On a sudden open fly
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh Thunder.
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt,
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak.
 Than the soft myrtle.

In the word *sudden* the breath is totally stopped by the *d*, till it is relieved by the *n*. The

11. The explosion of the mute is hard, either as it suddenly starts, to or from its position, as may be perceived in the word *Bolt*, *Splitst*, where both the preceding, and following found, conspire to render the explosive more audible.

It appears from the above account, that all the consonants are produced by only 9 different positions of the organs in the mouth, viz :

¹(L) ²(R) (³M, ³B, ³P) (⁴N, ⁴D, ⁴T) (⁵NG, ⁵G, ⁵K) (⁶DH,
TH) (⁷V, ⁷F) (⁸Z, ⁸S) (⁹ZH, ⁹SH)

But I shall now return to JOHN EDWIN and his adolescent pursuits. A system of amity having commenced between him and Mr. WALDEGRAVE, they communed on the nature of their Dublin engagements, and the prospects of that in agitation between EDWIN, and the Edinburgh manager. After a mutual display of opinion, by which the metaphysicians could not be emboldened in their dogmas, it was determined that the latter was the more desirable circumstance,

as EDWIN would have a better cast of parts, and full possession of all the Comedy old men.

This conversation passed at the commencement of Mr. Mossop's season, and the execution of an elopement (for to elope they were both resolved) was deferred until a more favourable opportunity should offer. Upon the strength of WALDEGRAVE's purse, EDWIN was to prosecute his journey to EDINBURGH, accompanied by the lender; on their arrival WALDEGRAVE was to use his best endeavours to procure an engagement, but on failure, it was stipulated, that EDWIN should maintain him, as a sort of recompence for hazarding his cash for the uses of his friend, until he procured an engagement elsewhere, or thought it expedient to withdraw,

After this resolution, the matter dropt for a few weeks, during which time EDWIN boarded and lodged in the same house as was before observed, with Mr. and Mrs. JEFFERIES, who resided in a handsome first floor

floor on the Batchelor's Walk. The theatre was indifferently attended, and the features of his sacred Majesty scarcely visible, even on little pieces of silver; consequently, EDWIN was often obliged to substitute a pipe of Oroonoko for the blessings of a beef steak, and vapid small beer for the exhilarating juices of a Languedoc vintage.

* Artaxerxes and another serious opera were then in agitation, which rendered the comedians of little utility, and liberated their
reflec-

* Perhaps no men have been more unjustly accused of impropriety of conduct, than the managers of the Metropolitan Theatres of Ireland; and the three fourths of those accusations have originated in the scarcity of cash—The truth is, that the receipts of a Dublin theatre have never been in my remembrance, and as far as I can understand, never were before that period, equal to the maintenance of a magnificent company of performers, which the Irish gentry seem to require, though they do not make the support equal to the expenditure. The same spirit of unnecessary reprehension which has assailed Mr. DALY, was levelled against his predecessors, Mr. RYDER, Mr. MOS-SOR, Mr. BARRY, Mr. WOODWARD, Mr. DAWSON and Mr. SHERIDAN—Another evil prevails which is somewhat curious: an actor who will play contentedly for *forty shillings per week* in England, in an unaccountable manner requires *four pounds* to play in Dublin, though the public encouragement is nearly the same in both places, and if
any

reflection merely to repine over the uncouthness of an empty purse—full oft they held it to their tearful eyes, and sighed and looked, and sighed again—in all great bodies of people, neglect of payment begets neglect of manners; and as actors have their feelings in common with the rest of mankind, EDWIN and JEFFERIES evinced every inclination to rebel against a government, whose fostering wing was stript of its richest feathers; and so inclined were they to be bold and saucy in the very teeth of the supreme authority in consequence of non-payment at the Treasurer's Office, that, after conversing in the Green Room upon the melancholy state of Mossor's establishment on an opera night, when they had nothing to do in the diurnal toil; on retiring to the stage door of

any of these vain migraters are fined, for inattention to their duties, they return to England, high charged with improper prejudices, and circulate reports, which tend only to circumscribe the felicities of the profession. I have heard Mr. DALY frequently traduced for actions which I never witnessed, but candour impels me to relate one fact which I did. The late Mr. DIGGES was old, infirm and necessitous—Mr. DALY saw his distresses, and smoothed his passage to the grave by such kindnesses, as a liberal mind only could suggest and delicacy execute.

the

the theatre, they made no ceremony of running a cross the stage in sight of the audience, notwithstanding Tenducci was warbling his best song in ARBACES, and holding the ears of beauty in bondage, in defiance of all order, dramatic etiquette and good government.

JEFFERIES was of a very lazy disposition, and EDWIN not the most industrious of bipeds—frequent disputes arose from the supineness of the former, and the inert habits of the latter. The tea-kettle being left on the fire one morning after breakfast, JEFFERIES desired EDWIN to take it off.--- EDWIN made the same request to JEFFERIES, but as neither would comply it continued on the coals, till Mrs. JEFFERIES came in, who had been at breakfast with Mr. Mossop to receive some instructions necessary to her greatness as a stage heroine--learn the force and nature of interjections, and have her * *part marked*.

This

* *Marking a part*, is making a stroke beneath any particular passage or word, where the emphasis should be most powerful, as thus—

Is

This lady exists on record as of a pliable disposition, and Mossor took great pains with her, as he was wont to do with every *new* actress not personally repulsive that came within the walls of his theatre: he was accustomed to say in his turgid manner, "Madam, if you will call upon me to-morrow morning, I will mark your part for you." And the fair strugglers for popularity of the dramatic diadem, seldom came away from his imperial presence without being convinced of the stress he could lay upon an essential monosyllable.

The first thing Mrs. JEFFERIES did on entering the room, was, to go to the fire, and seeing the tea-kettle, was in the act of removing it, but finding it very light, and on shaking it, no water, was tempted to examine the bottom; when lo, it was detached from its relative and concomitant ribs of tin!--The actress instantaneously

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for *Heaven*? this
Mournful gloom for that celestial *Light*?

burst

burst into an exclamation of sorrow, and wept copiously for a misfortune they all well knew it would be so difficult to repair; while JEFFRIES accompanied her by playing and singing, "Water parted from the tea," and EDWIN by tenderly chaunting as a collateral consolation,

"Oh dry those tears, like melted ore
Fast dropping on my heart they fall."

About this epoch of his existence, EDWIN was introduced to a new acquaintance of the name of * LENNAN, who was pro-

* This gentleman was generally known a few years posterior to this event, by the name of MAJOR LENNAN; he acquired this distinction, by the following chain of occurrences—The Comedy of the *West Indian* was performed at Crow-street Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. RICHARD SPARKS, and the part of MAJOR O'FLAHERTY was enacted by Mr. LENNAN, it being his first appearance on any stage; but the ambitious maker of saddles was so unequal to the attempt, that a general murmur of disapprobation ran through the audience, and the play was finished as fast as possible—At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. SPARKS gave a supper, to which Mr. LENNAN was invited—when the parties had become inebriate, they all sallied forth into College green, where Mr. SPARKS formally delivered Mr. LENNAN to the watch, charging him with the murder of an officer, by the name of O'FLAHERTY—the matter was seriously taken, and poor LENNAN dragged like an assassin to a filthy dungeon, where he was confined all night, and treated with every species of indignity, until the comical business was properly un-

professionally a sadler, and of some notoriety in Dublin; for his facetiousness and companionable qualities——

The time now arrived for EDWIN and WALDEGRAVE to put their preconcerted elopement to Edinburgh in execution, as a vessel for Parkgate was to sail that evening.—To elude suspicion in the manager on the part of EDWIN, who was of some request in the Theatre, and WALDEGRAVE little better than a non-entity, the former went to Ringsend (a village east of Dublin about two miles), dined upon oysters, and hired a boat to overtake the vessel which was getting under sail, and by the force of bribes and persuasion he at last got up with her—WALDEGRAVE decamped as boldly from Aston's Quay, as Cæsar from the shores of Gaul, without any apprehension of being detained by Mr. MOSSOP or his understrappers, his insignificance in the Theatre rendering all caution unnecessary.

Æolus was favourable to the expedition—they arrived in twelve hours at Parkgate,

ravelled before the sitting Alderman, and the unfortunate LENNAN emancipated from the horrors of a noisome prison.

which

which interval was passed pleasantly with some Irish ladies and gentlemen who were fellow passengers, and than whom no people in the world are more agreeable in their manner, or fascinating in their language.—When the vessel had ploughed the salt sea about two leagues beyond *Ireland's eye*, EDWIN evinced every symptom of approaching sickness—he put his hand to his stomach, and opened and shut his mouth, without any seeming cause—at length he was led to his *birth* in the cabin, and deposited immediately under the fat wife of a maltster from Drogheda; who was going to Warrington to receive a legacy—EDWIN feeling himself extremely uncomfortable, stretched his head out of the compartment, like a goose for food, and bellowed for his associate WALDEGRAVE, but unfortunately turning upon his back and distending his jaws to make his wants as audible as he could, he received unopportunately the hot expectation from the lusty lady above him, who at that instant was disembodying the contents of her stomach with as much antipathy as possible—The player's visage was

completely incruſted with filth, but the ſorrow was not durable—the marine chamberlain's underſtrapper deſcended with a large mop, and quickly abſorbed the contamination with the addreſs of a Dutch domeſtic—The hearts of theſe theatric adventurers began to glow with undeſcribable tranſport when they leapt from the ſhip's boat upon their native land;—the *natale ſolum* touched the chords of their ſenſes, and made them vibrate with delight—tho' their reflections only tended to ſtrengthen a regret that they had left a kingdom which had treated them with generoſity, notwithſtanding their reſtricted pretenſions to popular acclaim.

A poſt chaiſe conveyed them to Cheſter, where they remained a few days, when EDWIN was taken ill, and becoming worſe, it was propoſed by WALDEGRAVE to go to Manchester—this meaſure was acceded to by EDWIN; the bill of the inn was diſcharged, a carriage ordered, and after a few hours travel they were ſafely ſet down at the Bull's head in Manchester.—

Their

Their leading motive for going to that town was, that a company of Comedians were at that time performing there, and the hope of an engagement induced them both to make the trial, as EDWIN had declared, he was too indisposed to attempt the journey to Edinburgh, originally intended—They took care to introduce themselves the day after their arrival to the Manager, Mr. WHITLEY, a man of a very singular disposition, and to whom, more whimsical and *out of the way* exertions are imputed, than to any other Manager or country Actor in the British territory—the eccentricity of his disposition brought him often into strange situations, but the goodness of his heart fully atoned for the errors of his understanding ; and however marvellous or irregular some of his actions might appear, he perpetrated others of a nature so dignified, that they would have done honour to the possessor of a national throne.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE has asserted, that the abilities of a man must fall short on one side or the other—somewhat like having

a blanket too scanty when you are in bed—if you pull it upon your shoulders, you must leave your feet bare ; and if you thrust it down to defend your feet, your shoulders must remain uncovered.

Mr. WHITLEY valued himself in being able as a country Manager, to play any of Shakespear's plays without a *double** ; he had a great opinion of his own powers, and was certain, that however mean a character or part might be considered in the drama, he had the ability to make it appear conspicuous ; and to prove this imaginary power, frequently threw himself into such situations which always created merriment and sarcastic humour in his company, and laughter in the audience—" now my boys," he would say, " I will shew you an example, for which perhaps you may thank me during the remainder of your lives--Now mind me, I will give you a touch of the old school—

*By the word double is meant the necessity which often occurs in travelling companies of the same individuals to personate two characters in the same performance.

something beyond the ideas of the vulgar—
as the little *burnisher of rhimes* at Twicken-
ham used to say,

* “I’ll snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

He was fond of declaring, that the inat-
tention of managers in the cast of parts
was shameful; that he knew a good
Actor could make the most trifling
characters appear glorious; and, said he,
“to evince the truth of my assertion, you
shall see me undertake one of the worst
parts in RICHARD the THIRD,” and the next
day’s play bill pompously announced, in
large letters, the part of the

LIEUTENANT of the TOWER,
for that night only, by Mr. WHITLEY,
(being his first appearance in that
character).

* GUISO, whose fancy was dedicated to and marshalled
by harmony, asserted, that no man could give a rule of
the greater beauties, and that the knowledge of them was
so abstruse, that there was no manner of speaking which
could express them. This tallies with the ideas of QUIN-
TILIAN who says, that things incredible wanted words to
express them: for some of them are too great, and too
much elevated, to be comprehended by human discourse.

K +

Those

Those persons who are acquainted with the etiquette of play-bills, must know that such a piece of information as the above should be attached only to a principal part, and a principal actor; and that the adoption of it on so trivial an occasion, united to so weak a representation, could only tend to engender ridicule if not contempt.—Mr. WHITLEY was in point of professional excellence, not a whit superior to the late Mr. PAINTER of Covent Garden Theatre, and remarkably fond of the old method of acting, *viz.*—a great halt or twitch in the gait, a very grave face on all occasions, and an inflexible regard in tragedy for the interests of *ti-ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum ti.**

To

* A striking proof of the misconception of low actors, occurred a few years since at Bristol—Mr. MOODY had selected HENRY the EIGHTH for his benefit, and cast the part of SURREY to the late Mr. ROGER WRIGHT, who would not attend the rehearsals until the day of performance—MOODY, somewhat nettled by WRIGHT's conduct, reproached him for his inattention to one of SHAKESPEARE's best plays—"Come, come, MASTER MOODY," said ROGER, "you are wrong there at any rate—it does not strike me as any such thing." "No?" rejoined MOODY, "give me your reasons,"—"look in the title page,"

To be considered as a great man in the present cultivated state of society, is a very great honor, but the rapid fluctuation of custom makes the basis of that greatness differ every twenty years, and I am certain, that were BETTERTON--MONFORT--BOOTH, QUIN--NORRIS--BULLOCK--WILKS--HIP-PESLEY--LEIGH--CIBBER--PENKETHMAN, and DOGGET, of the men, and Mrs. BARRY--BETTERTON--PRITCHARD--CLIVE--PORTER--OLDFIELD, and CIBBER now alive, and in full possession of their faculties, they would appear in an inferior light upon the same boards with LEWIS, KING, PALMER, PARSONS, LEE LEWES QUICK, KEMBLE, HOLMAN, WILSON, DODD, BERNARD, OF WROUGHTON -- Mrs. ABINGTON, POPE, JORDAN, FARREN, BRUNTON, MATTOCKS, and SIDDONS.

Thus the consequences of every day ve-page," said the other, "and you will find it was disapproved from the beginning—see here it is noted as one of SHAKESPEARE's *hist.* plays," thus mistaking the abbreviation of the word *historical* for a fixed mark of popular censure—after this event, ROGER's phrase of, *it does not strike me*, became adopted ironically in every company in the kingdom.

rify

rify that religious apophthegm which informs us, "That the last shall be first, and the first shall be last."---The force of habit pollutes the purer influence of the judgment; we become ductile to the mandates of mode, without a sense of degradation---This is a clime where almost every man fashions a humour of his own, and an alien would be led to imagine from the singular diversity of the English character, that these varying Islanders were indebted for their formation to the loins of Proteus; and not those Romans, Saxons, Danes and devils, who have heretofore made irruptions in our proud territory---every individual from the Monarch to the mechanic obeys the *facere sibi morem*.---The prejudices they imbibe cleave adhesively about their hearts, and when they are impelled to shake them off, they part with the vile attainments as reluctantly as so many children, which though deformed and repulsive, are still dear to their senses, because they gave the absurdity a being. Their attempts at originality are incessant, and the manners of the present day, operate as a burial to the manners of
the

the day departed---though every man, when he approaches the threshold of eternity, and takes an accurate retrospect of the arts and imbecilities of his existence, must be sick of such fugitive vanity and pathetically own that human felicity is only compatible with a life of innocence, and nothing so beautiful or dignified as truth.

National errors create national ills, and XERXES, ALEXANDER, CÆSAR and LOUIS QUATORZE, might sing the following catch in the shades with feeling and expression.

War begets poverty,
 Poverty Peace;
 Peace makes Riches flow,
 Fate ne'er does cease;
 Riches produce Pride,
 Pride is War's Ground;
 War begets Poverty,
 Thus the World goes round,

P O Z.

And though I verily believe the present actors, (if taken in general), are superior to their predecessors; I have an equal portion

tion of faith in the idea, that they will be eclipsed by succeeding greatness---The incessant revolutions of custom will justify the assertion, and this must ever be the case in a country, where there is no established memorial of what *was*, and no criterion of truth precisely significant of what *should be*—the captivations of HIPPISEY were stolen by SHUTER, and added to his own mental bank of humour—when SHUTER was extinguished, the combined excellence *was* partially assumed by EDWIN, who by diffusing a radiance around the theft, peculiar to himself, dazzled the public vision, and made all seem 'original, where a portion was imitative—thus actors, like warriors, make conquests merely to add to their hereditary dominion, and ravish a pearl from the tiara of a remote competitor to affix in their own diadem, which previous to the politic violence was sufficiently adorned.

Our present race of opera singers beggar all praise---We can now see what our fathers could not; a number of persons of both sexes, who unite the powers of acting
 4 and

and singing with unusual capacity---I need but exhibit the following names as a proof, ---viz---KELLY, BANNISTER, JOHNSTONE, BOWDEN, DIGNUM, DARLEY, REINHOLD, SEDGWICK, and INCLEDON, Mrs. STORACE, CROUCH, KENNEDY, MARTYR, REYNOLDS, BANNISTER, MOUNTAIN, BLAND, and BILLINGTON.---Should pecuniary satisfaction be the only reward of such rare qualifications? No---singular endowments demand something more---YOUNG BEVIL in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, does that which every gentleman will approve---a singer is introduced to charm INDIANA---at the conclusion of the song, BEVIL in a polite manner presents him with a purse, and speaks thus beautifully to the lady.

“ You smile, Madam, to see me so complaisant to one whom I pay for his visit---now I own I think it not enough barely to pay those whose talents are superior to our own; (I mean such talents as would become our condition if we had them) methinks we ought to do something more than gratify them

them for what they do at our command, only because their fortune is below us."

To return to the narrative. EDWIN and WALDEGRAVE waited on Mr. WHITLEY the manager, to solicit an engagement--- but whether it arose from his company being full, or that the appearance of those itinerants promised no additional aggrandizement, I cannot determine; but certain it is that WHITLEY gave them both an icy negative, but this negative was qualified by the succeeding exhortation, "Gentlemen, you have embarked in a profession of all others the most difficult to fulfil with propriety—from the youthful aspect of ye both, your practice must have been limited, and your conception of the evils you must encounter imperfect---nothing short of an irresistible propensity should induce any man to venture his peace upon the stage, where, to many, even his excellencies appear as defects — If you go to London, the fountain head of theatric fame, with what torments is the blessing of a decent salary intermingled---you are there subject to the
con-

condemnation of every idiot, in whose portrait malice or meanness are predominant features--an actor is frequently brought out of the country on a small salary to supplant one in town, that the manager may suppose too consequential--the question on these occasions is, What sort of a performer is this gentleman from York? the answerer rejoins excellent--but as all things are determined by comparison, it frequently happens that the actor who appeared very meritorious at York, being the best there, will look very indifferent in London, when exhibiting on the same boards with persons of superior genius---even the late Mr. Garrick confessed himself in an error on this point to the facetious Mr. Foote, who was then a member of Drury-lane Theatre," "Why Sir," said he, (speaking of a raw comedian) "I thought this man a capital fellow at Norwich, but now I see him by WESTON, I am convinced to the contrary"---"You are right, DAVY," said the wit, "comparisons determine every thing, therefore, when shall I perform BAYES?" "when you will Sir," added GARRICK, "but I take the hint,

hint, and shall certainly for my own honour keep out of the way"---"Now, gentlemen," said WHITLEY, "though an actor in the country has nothing to fear from the severity of diurnal criticism, he has every thing to apprehend from bad business, and the dæmons of starvation---I have been a manager myself several years, and have often played through a whole town without sharing a *sous*---I well remember upon one of these unfortunate movements, that I chanced to pass by a public house window, and on looking in, saw several of my actors carousing over a large bowl of punch, as happy as so many smugglers in the year fifty---I immediately reproved them for their seeming extravagance---"are not you ashamed gentlemen," said I, "to drink punch, while I your employer am obliged to drink water?"---"Why, master WHITLEY," answered a pert fellow, "I am sure you don't intend to pay for it"---"No," said I, "nor you neither, by G---d."

"Gentlemen," continued WHITLEY, "acting is so laborious, disagreeable, and
"unpro-

unprofitable a profession, except to those who by the art of puffing, or other sinister means, can mount to the summit of popularity, and even then it is not recompensed with such pleasurable *douceurs* as many other situations in life, less ostentatious, but more desirable---for my part, I have been born and bred to it, and cannot disencumber myself of its inquietudes---indeed, now I do not wish it---as I have passed the meridian of my being in circumnavigating the dramatic planet, I am determined to continue the progress, even though I am decreed to pass through a fog in my declension---my daughter BET too seems resolved to follow her father's example---as it is difficult you know to make a proper provision for girls, I believe I shall not retard her wishes; and should she be ever fortunate enough to keep her coach, and circulate her behest among the bipeds of the kitchen, no one can throw it in her teeth, that her father was a tailor! !

Though WHITLEY did not give either EDWIN or WALDEGRAVE an engagement, he contrived to engage their attention at

VOL. I.

L

Bow.

BOWDEN's*, the theatric public house in Manchester—during the course of their stay there, a person employed to deliver bills for the next night, put one on the table, which was constructed as follows:

THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

This present Monday, Nov. 26th, 1766.

By desire of Mrs. NUBBS,

For the Benefit of

Mr. RICH,

Who respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in consequence of his engagement for the winter season at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, his performance at this place, intended only at first for a certain number of nights, will terminate to-morrow evening, when his patrons will be presented with

A PRELUDE, called

FUN upon FUN,

OR

WIT at a PINCH.

* The father of the vocal performer of the same name, who performed two years since at Covent Garden Theatre.

Barn-

Barnwell——Mr. WARREN,
Noddy——Mr. LEIGHTON,
Gripeall——Mr. SAUNDERS,
Polly——Mrs. W. SAUNDERS,
And *Harry*, (the intriguing footman) by
Mr. RICH.

In which character he will transform him-
into a GIANT LIKE STATUE of ALEXAN-
DER the GREAT, and a CHILD of TWO
YEARS OLD!!!

End of the Prelude a Song, by Mr.
WARWICK.

After which (by desire) will be performed
the admired Comedy of the
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Archer——Mr. SAUNDERS.

Aimwell——Mr. COLLINS.

Gibbet——Mr. TYLAR.

Bonniface——Mr. DEVAULLE.

Sullen——Mr. W. SAUNDERS.

And *Scrub*——by Mr. RICH.

In which character he will introduce a new
song, describing to the audience,

O WHAT a BEAU

HIS GRANNY WAS!

Dorinda———Mrs. MILLS.

Cherry———Mrs. GRENVILLE.

Gipsy———Mrs. SMART.

Lady Bountiful——Mrs. LONG.

AND

Mrs. Sullen———Mrs. COLLINS.

To which will be added, the Musical entertainment of

The BRITISH TAR;

OR

THOMAS and SALLY.

The Squire,———Mr. TYLAR,

AND

Thomas (the Sailor)--Mr. RICH.

Dorcas,———Mrs. MILLS,

AND

Sally———Miss. COLLINS,

A Hornpipe by Mr. LEIGHTON.

After the dance Mr. TYLAR will attempt the minuet in Ariadne, on a broomstick; in the manner of the late MATTHEW SKEGGS—after which a new speaking, singing, comic, descriptive and classical, and circumstantial Oration, called the

RICHONIAN

RICHONIAN BUDGET,

OR

PEEPING TOM's ramble through **Coventry**,
humorously describing observations in
his adventures through the **Town** and its
environs, &c. &c.

Particularly,

The Rivers T O K and I S W E L L,

The M A N C H E S T E R M A N U F A C T U R E S,

The C O L L E G E,

The M A R K E T P L A C E,

And the T H E A T R E, by

Mr. R I C H.

The whole to conclude with an *address*, in
which Mr. RICH will divulge a

M A T R I M O N I A L - S E C R E T ;

OR

A new way to keep a Wife at home !!!

N. B. On account of the length and
great variety of entertainments, Mr. RICH
pledges himself to the public, that the cur-
tain shall rise precisely at half past six, and
the whole of the performance conclude at
half past ten o'clock.

* * Mr. RICH respectively begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has been anxiously studious in the selection of the above pieces—he has endeavoured to unite NOVELTY with MERIT, and has in consequence of that determination spared no expence, in obtaining for them an unexceptionable evening's entertainment—the *Play* is universally acknowledged to be the very best production of the celebrated FARQUHAR, and not inferior to the first of our English Comedies for * *delicate wit* and true genuine humour—The *PRELUDE*, he flatters himself, will be found highly laughable; and the *local* and *descriptive* humour, or *Peeping Tom's ramble*, cannot fail to give an additional zest to the night's diversion—Mr. TYLAR's minuet is expected to give general satis-

* Mr. RICH could not possibly allude to a female Comedy, for all the ladies from Mrs. BEHN down to Mrs. COWLEY, who have written for the English stage, have been notorious for the freedom of their thoughts, and the indelicacy of their language—their invention seems so obedient to their sensuality, that they want the ability to create a jest, not analogous to libertinism.

faction,

faction, as well as the *address* and *matrimonial secret*.

The whole of the night's performance will be supported by the united strength of the company. Mr. RICH presumes to hope, that his exertions on this occasion will meet with that approbation and support, which it will be his chiefest pride to merit.

 The way will be swept to the Theatre, and the House illuminated with wax.

N. B. It will be MOONLIGHT.

Tickets and places for the boxes to be taken of Mr. RICH, at Mr. DIZZY's Shoemaker, No. 31, Penny street, and of Mr. SLY, Box-keeper at the Theatre.

So much for a country play bill; the consequence of which was a prodigious overflow from all parts of the Theatre, and Mr.

RICH the only person pleased with the night's entertainment—the ample premise of the bill was literally the puff direct—the pieces announced were not half performed—the candles, instead of wax, were made of offensive tallow—the way to the Theatre was in some places over shoes in mud, and those who never consult an Almanack, or the motions of the luminous bodies in the firmament, had the mortification, when they came out of the play-house, to find it was *not* moon-light.

The gross impositions of this night, did considerable injury to two or three succeeding benefits, which produced a dispute between **Mr. RICH** and **Mr. BALL** the Tragedian ; the quarrel ended in a fight to the disadvantage of the Comedian, and the buskin triumphed over the sock—**Mr. RICH** was led home with two black eyes, heretofore grey, and **Mr. BALL** kept the field, to receive the congratulations of those, who thought themselves obliquely insulted by **Mr. RICH** and his long bill.

Although

Although WHITLEY was evermore garrulous, yet his professional document seldom had the proposed effect—his performers considered talking much as an old man's privilege, and did not resist his innoxious endeavours to be thought wiser than his neighbours—but the recommendatory axiom fell from his tongue, like grain upon a rock, no produce issued from the intended blessing, in short, his company were a band of merry ingrates, who imagined his advice, like the philosophy of Bolingbroke, or the politics of Machiavel, ruinous to the object who embraced the system.

EDWIN began to feel himself in an awkward situation, out of employment, and resting for the means of subsistence upon the purse of another; to avoid which he engaged in the performance of some periodical publications, and assisted Mr. HARRUP in the conduct of the

MANCHESTER MERCURY.

A man

A man who has a lively fancy, cannot indulge its dictates so completely in any situation, as through the medium of a newspaper; to give a striking example of this remark, I will subjoin some instances. In one place we find the victory of a general, in another the desertion of a private soldier: A man who is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into a common advertisement, by which means we often see an Apothecary in the same paper with a Plenipotentiary, or a footman arranged with an Ambassador—a disaster in Piccadilly, goes down to posterity with an article from Madrid; and Humphries and Mendoza, Old Wigs and the Cheshire-waggon, are mentioned in the same paper with the twelve Judges and the Emperor of Germany—if a man has an ailment in his head, or spots on his cloaths, he may there meet with an antidote to pain, and a remedy for pollution—If a man would recover his wife, or a horse that is stolen or strayed, if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk or a country lodging, a newspaper will procure them all.

Among

Among the *wants* in a newspaper, the following was interwoven—*Wanted* for a family who have bad health, a sober steady person in the capacity of Doctor, Surgeon, Apothecary and Man midwife: he must occasionally act in the capacity of Butler, and dress hair and wigs: he will be required to read prayers occasionally—and a sermon every Sunday evening—the reason of advertising is, that the family cannot any longer afford the expences of the physical *suite*, and wish to be at a certain expence. A good salary will be given.

N. B. He will have the liberty to turn a penny in any branch of his profession, when not wanted in the family. Whoever this may suit, are desired to apply to X. Y. Z. No. 16, Flud-street, Westminster.

The eccentricity of the above notice, can only be equalled by the whimsicality of the following. Lost between light and dark, between six and seven o'clock, from a house between Cheapside and Cateaton-street, A young Woman, between seventeen and
eighteen,

eighteen, between tall and short, between plump and lean, her hair between chesnut and auburn, in a changeable gown between purple and yellow, supposed to be gone off (between friends) with one IGNATIUS, a creole between black and white : as there has been something between them of a particular nature, whoever can give an account of her between this and Saturday next, to her distracted father, who is now between hope and fear, shall receive between ten and twenty pounds as a reward.

Please to direct with any initials between A and Z, to a house between Cheapside and King-street.

A collection of advertisements is a kind of national miscellany, the writers of which, contrary to the practice of most authors, give money for the publication : the genius of the printer is manifested in the arrangement of these little tracts of intelligence, and you may often see them in the following order.

[Every

Every man his own Letter writer.

Every man his own Physician.

Every man his own Clergyman.

The complete English Cook, with the art of pickling.

An immediate convenience for any Lady, whose situation requires a temporary retirement.

WANTS a place, as wet nurse, in a gentleman's family, a young woman with an exceeding good breast of milk. N. B. she has been examined, and approved by the faculty.

WANTED—A young man as footman, he must know how to shave and dress hair, speak the German, Italian, and French languages with fluency; wait at table with address, and be well acquainted with the business of the sideboard—wages ten pounds a year with perquisites.

Any Lady under thirty years of age, who is sweet tempered and not too fat, and wishes to enter into the delightful state of matrimony, may hear of a partner, amiable in his person,

person, and who is quite indifferent as to the complexion of his wife, and other attractive circumstances, by application to N. O. at Mr. JASEY's Peruke maker, Little Britain. N. B. To prevent trouble, the Lady must possess an independent fortune.

RATS and MICE extirpated from any dwelling on moderate terms, by MARY MUSCIPULA, Ratcatcher to the King of Poland.

HYGIEIAS TEMPLE.

Any person afflicted with any disorder, whether internal, external, abdominal, or hereditary, may be instantly relieved by sending their water in a bottle (*with a fee*) to DOCTOR DIACULUM on London wall.

N. B. *No Cure no Pay.*

By his Majesty's Royal Letters Patent—this is to inform the nobility and Gentry, that BARNABY PETITE, sole inventor of the *Dentiscalpa* or *Imperial TOOTH PICK*, has now a great assortment ready for their use:

As

As the importance and utility of these ingeniously constructed instruments has been universally acknowledged, the advertiser thinks it unnecessary to enlarge upon their merits.

NOW IS YOUR TIME.

Fortune Favours the Bold.

At the old established LOTTERY OFFICE, Number one hundred and eleventy, Knave's-acre, *blanks* and *prizes* are sold much under the real value—

By BRODERICK BLARNEY and Co.

N. B. By the way of encouragement to young adventurers, *five hundred pounds* will be given away for nothing, and an *undrawn ticket* to boot.

WANTED by one of the Iroquois nations, a *Generallissimo* or *chief*—he must bring unquestionable proofs of his courage, and be

able

able to throw the hatchet—his nose must be aquiline—his stature six feet and an inch, his complexion tawny, and the colour of his hair raven grey—Whoever this may suit, is requested to send his address to SPADO TOMAHAWK, at the sign of the *Lion and Lamb* in *Bull and Mouth Street*.

N. B. He must have no religious prejudices. And a *Cook*, a *Butcher*, or a *Critic*, would be most welcome.

WANTED *an agreeable companion for a post chaise*, to go to Geneva—he must not weigh more than eighteen stone—his disposition must be placid and his morals irreproachable—whoever this may suit, is requested to leave his address with PETER SOURCROUT, Esq. who lodges at an undertaker's, just before you get to *Pall Mall*.

N. B. He must not sleep in the chaise, be a good Geographer, and take snuff.

Lost

LOST on Sunday last in the Green Park, a black Greyhound, with a white spot on the left ear, and a tail about three inches in length; whoever brings it to the COUNTESS of KILKUBRY, in Cavendish Square, shall receive five guineas reward.

LOST, a Child about four years of age; he had on a white frock, a blue sash, red shoes and silver clasps; whoever brings him to his disconsolate parents, at No. 17, Turnagain Lane, Cripplegate, shall receive their most grateful thanks.

Ex pede herculem: from this specimen, the reader may be enabled to judge of that vast mass of multifarious absurdity, which is daily offered to the insatiate appetite of JOHN BULL—but he is a docile, credulous brute, who gorges his food without examining its quality, and like a muscular drunkard, hopes to elude a consequent sickness by the force of a strong constitution.

Perhaps it may not be deemed either irrelative or impertinent, if I annex a cor-

rect list of all the daily newspapers now in circulation in this metropolis.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS,

The DIARY, The ORACLE, The MORNING CHRONICLE, The WORLD, The TIMES, The MORNING POST, The HERALD, The GENERAL ADVERTISER, The GAZETTEER, The PUBLIC ADVERTISER, The ARGUS, The DAILY ADVERTISER, The LEDGER, and the STAR.

And though the inconsistency of our national character is rendered so conspicuous to foreigners, through the medium of the public prints, it is equally notorious in the spirit of our laws*. By their unjustifiable inter-

* There are not wanting those who boldly affirm, that the laws of this country are unexceptionable in every point of view, and who arrogantly would hold them forth to the world as examples of perfect legislation—those who bend to all supremacy, whether well or ill established, may yield up their experience to the fallacy of interested opinion, but of that number am not I—we have misery-fraught instances daily, when honest men are sacrificed to the

interpretation the impulse of honor becomes a serious evil, and though we are taught to nurture it in our youth as a beautiful companion, we have the regret to find, that in many situations, its dictates are pernicious: and proves somewhat like the influence of the sun, whose beams first mature the grape and then sour its juices—I should be happy to know how a man, who wishes well to society and bows obedient to the laws, can pass through the ranks of social life with peace

the inexplicable jargon of what the professors term the *letter of the law*, while the most consummate villains can crouch securely under its magical protection, and smile at the writhings of virtue—The ancient, intolerable power which the *priest* formerly exercised over the asinine million, is now usurped by the *lawyer*—he goads the hamlet at his pleasure, and riots unchecked, because he is too formidable for common resistance—he can beggar without reproach the Orphan in the Nursery, and the Widow in her Weeds—he can be infamous without responsibility, because the mazes of the law are impervious, even to the eye of wisdom—and that human atrocity might exist without reproach, it has been gravely asserted and vehemently upheld, that TRUTH IS A LIBEL, thereby destroying the resentment and the advantages of moral dignity—our sister kingdom has spurned at the monstrous absurdity, but JOHN BULL is a vile apathised beast, that every insolent despot may kick from Kent to Cornwall!—

of mind, when our statutes and our customs are hostile to each other—on the one hand, honor rigorously condemns the man who patiently submits to the *lie taken*; on the other, our courts of judicature issue their thunders against any revenge taken for the *lie given*—by the law of arms he is degraded who puts up an affront—by the civil law, he that adopts vengeance incurs a capital punishment—He that seeks redress by the law for an affront incurs disgrace—and he that seeks redress by his arm is liable to the penalties of the law.

Under such contradictory circumstances, who can do right—in a sea so incumbered by breakers, who can steer the helm of his happiness with security?

For such ills we are indebted to the progress of refinement—in the earlier ages society moved in a simple manner; and what we understand by the term Luxury, was then unknown—Rachel, Rebecca, and the daughters of Jethro tended their father's flocks—they were really shepherdesses, artless

as those of whom Theocritus has so inimitably sung—in whose days young women of fashion drew water from the well with their own hands—Ulysses was not ashamed to carve and decorate his bridal bed, and Penelope never thought her hero's glory was diminished, because he condescended to be his own carpenter—the princess Nausica washed the linen of her family at a brook, and the princes her brothers were accustomed to wait for her return to unyoke the car, and carry in the wet drapery—even the feminine deities in the proudest periods of paganism, passed their moments in spinning, and it was probably from this cause that the young women of Great Britain are denominated spinsters.

In our days ambition erects her garish banners in every town and village of the kingdom, and pride impels the peasant to tread upon the heels of the peer—Every woman we meet expects to be distinguished by the appellation of *Lady*, which is now generally conferred on all females, from a duchess to a dairy-maid—it is not unusual

to hear the following polite colloquy in the upper gallery of a theatre :

“ Don’t lean over that there *lady*, sir.”

“ Damme, what’s the *lady* to me, sir ?”

The lamp-lighter, dust man, the shoe-black and the porter, who rove on a Sunday with their spouses to dine at Mother Red Cap’s on the Highgate road,

“ Vont touch no wittles ’till the ladies is helpt.”

Every woman on the sabbath, however mean her condition, considers herself as legally entitled to such honors, and never fails to shew symptoms of mortification, if she is not dignified as a lady;—having studied the vocabulary of affectation, she imagines it is polite to screw up her mouth, till the aperture resembles a small purse, and then mumbles thus ;

“ Mem—purdigious—veastly—axquisite—

“ My stars and garters its quite the Bung-tun.”

And

And many other words equally well pronounced, and equally well applied*.

I consider human nature as a large volume of humourous contrarieties, and in which caprice and folly have interlined the arguments of morality—observation has an endless field in this town—the opposition of character is marvellous—some people speak

* I shall here annex a proof, that a deviation from the common mode of expression, is sometimes attended with the best effects to the inventor—there was a trial in Guild-hall, about an affray that happened in the street, a few years since, before Lord MANSFIELD—the principal witness was an adept in that sort of language, which the young ladies and gentlemen of Broad St. Giles term *slang*—he thus addressed the bench---“ Vy, my LORD, as I was coming by the corner of the street, I *flagged* the man”---“ Pray,” said LORD MANSFIELD, “ be so kind, as to inform me what you mean by *flagging* a man”---“ *Stagging*, my Lord! vy d’ye see I was *down upon him*”---“ I confess I am now as much in the dark as ever; what can you intend by being *down upon him*? do speak to be understood”---“ Vy, an please your Lordship, I speaks as vell as I can, I was *up to all he knew*”---“ Psha!” said the judge---“ vel then my Lord, I’ll tell you how it was”---“ Aye, now do”---“ Vy, seeing, my Lord, as how he was a *rum kiddy*, I was *one upon his tab*”---In short, he was hurried out of court, and the trial became incomplete from the acquired habits of vulgarity.

before they think—others carefully study every thing they utter—Young ladies who read novels commonly abound in the sub-joined phrases.

By the BYE,
AND IN SHORT,
AND THE WHOLE AFFAIR IS THIS.

Such nymphs expressing their thoughts, prate thus: “ *In short*, sir, I found Mr. TULIP troublesome, I wanted to get away, but *by the bye*, he would not let me: for *the whole affair is this*; *by the bye*, I have some obligations to him, which in short made me put up with his behaviour: so that you find *the whole affair* was necessity: which in *short*, *by the bye*, was the *whole affair*.

Many of the sprigs of humanity, bipedal parrots, *Petite Maitres*—or pretty fellows, interlard their conversation with a continual repetition of the words,

D’YE SEE,

One

One of those animals, giving a description of a rencontre in Long-acre, between two barrow-women, said,—“ *D’ye see* now, as how, that the two women had been fighting and abusing one another a long time *d’ye see*, at last the least of the two *d’ye see*, threw something in the other’s eyes *d’ye see*, and so she cou’dn’t see *d’ye see*?” “ Yes, continued a pedantic gentleman, by way of illustration, who always spoke as if on stilts, and had been a dictionary worm from his cradle; the forked animal who had the worst of the battle was knocked down, and no one chusing to interfere, she was left exposed to the circumambient air, which pressing on the perspiratory ducts, coagulated the juices, and occasioned a cadaverosity.”

Thus is our tongue tortured—misnomers multiplied, and our patience purgatorised—but I will drop digression, and return to my biographical labours.

EDWIN, who had been indisposed during his whole stay at Manchester, feeling himself every day become worse, was obliged to
keep

keep at home, and what was more disagreeable to his feelings, dependent upon the purse of WALDEGRAVE for support—and this regret was redoubled, by WALDEGRAVE's making some ungenerous remarks to EDWIN, on his embarrassing situation, and frequently told him that he must inevitably die—As the Prince of burlettas was ever above an act of meanness, such taunts from his colleague were insupportable—he was resolved to shake him from his friendship, as soon as he was enabled to repay the money he had borrowed, and Hygeia, as if ready to second his resolution, removed the cause of malady from his veins, and he recovered almost immediately, as if in defiance of WALDEGRAVE's dispiriting prediction.

A young gentleman of the town furnished EDWIN with a small sum of money, with which he repaid his associate and left his lodgings, at Mrs. DODD's, a public house on Shude hill, Manchester, on Saturday morning the 27th of December, 1776.

Now

Now morn, her rosy steps in the Eastern clime,
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

When the discomfited EDWIN, tied up his rare habiliments in a small pocket handkerchief, the knot of which he attached to the hook of a crab stick, which he rested upon his right shoulder, and then hurried from the confines of the town with as much precipitation, as discretion warrants to the pedestrian in a state of convalescence—when he had journied peaceably, if not joyously, about twenty miles, in the hope of getting an engagement as an actor, he discovered that he had made a small mistake which had nearly proved ruinous, being so restricted in point of cash—This error originated in his forgetting the name of the town where the company of Comedians were—and an evil star governing the hour, the unlucky infant of Momus went to Northwich instead of Nantwich; both being equally distant from Manchester, though they were not equally welcome to his expectations. This disappointment, added to his weak state of body, disheartened EDWIN very much; however

however, he crossed a forest in the vicinity the next day and got to Chester, where he nestled at Mrs. SMITH's, the Ship, in Watergate street. In this abode he remained three days—on the fourth, walked to Wrexham—put up at the sign of the Cannon, a little public house, where a nice bit of roast Welch mutton waited his acceptance, and the civilities of the landlord and landlady, with their agreeable, though rusticated conversation, made the comic traveller extremely happy till bed time—In the paroxysm of their discourse, EDWIN did not fail to make unlimited use of the mandevilian privilege of suborning the marvellous to his imagination, and as he found that the kind host and hostess of the Cannon had never been in or near the metropolis, bounced not a little upon its beauties and its properties—he told them that the national debt was nine hundred thousand millions, seven hundred, and sixty four pounds eight shillings and fourpence—That the vilest utensil of my Lord Mayor was made of burnished gold—that every alley was as wide as the high street of Wrexham—that a cobbler got more money than

a Denbyshire justice, and every body wore fine linen and kept open house—but even this string of extravagances were not either too coarse in their texture, or too palpable in their deformed features, for the credulous and capacious fancies of the Welchman and his yoke fellow, who constantly chorussed in unison, every account of the wonders of London, by the simple exclamation of Cot-plefs hur !!!

When the day became sickened, and was near giving up the ghost—when the enamoured Onus was stealing away in silent pomp adown the western cloud—when the Antipodes were ringing up their domestics, to prepare the breakfast at the approach of morn—when the pulses of Thetis beat quick, while her coral chamber was dimly illuminated with distant flashes from her lover's eye, who was riding post to her embraces—to be brief, at the approach of night, as EDWIN was quaffing his ale in a corner, his ears were saluted with the concord of sweet sounds which issued from a neighbouring room—the event was not mysterious—
there

there the niece of the host of the Cannon was scouring her trenchers, and wooden spoons, and to prove how little she valued time or his administration, fung it away with an indifference truly philosophic—the ravished EDWIN could not retain his silence—his admiration was paramount, and he astonished the brown wench thus—

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with those raptures moves the vocal air,
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence! Thus the empty vaulted night,
At every fall, soothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd—

The effect of this exclamation was not propitious to his wishes—the girl scudded away in affright, and the lord and lady of the *auberge* stared at the unrazored Roscius in such a manner, as plainly conveyed an idea that they imagined his understanding was imperfect—as this incident tended to cool that warmth of communication exhibited at their first interview, the player retired within himself somewhat sulcily, and sat immersed in thought, until a general yawn signified it was bed time.—

“ The

" The curfew toll'd the knell of parting day."

And EDWIN bowed obedient to the summons—he sought the oblivious couch—shook off the incumbrances of his person—extinguished the narrow taper—leapt between the sheets manufactured by the roseate nymphs of Cambria, from remnants of coarse dowlas—uttered a prayer of thanksgiving to his Creator—then an invocation to Somnus, and turning upon the dexter side of his fatigued frame, would have slept incontinently, but the nocturnal gambols of the mice in the cheese closet, and the rats upon the floor, forbid the completion of so enviable a blessing—At two a clock in the morning, a number of these wall-boring quadrupeds from Norway, had assembled in the comedian's chamber, and from the force of loud squeeking in different discordant notes, threw the affrighted son of Thespis into a state of violent trepidation—In those intervals when his reason had nearly subdued his terrors, he practised a variety of arts to banish such unwelcome inmates; first he took up the jordan, and stealing to the spot where the congress

+ seemed

seemed most numerous, emptied it upon the collective body—this manœuvre had a temporary effect only, as the rats returned to their charge in ten minutes, with accumulated force—he then adopted another *muricidian* measure, and destroyed the harmony of a nuptial catch, by throwing the pillows with all the force he could, where the four-footed minstrels had clustered thickest—this expedient was ruinous to the concert, but did not answer the desired purpose—the rats recovered their ranks, and, as if in contempt of EDWIN's indignation, began their revels again with more infernal triumph than before—Both these devices having miscarried, the perturbed adherent to Thalia, gave himself up to despair—his corporeal juices issued from every pore—his short shirt first became humid, and then wet—the bed-frame shook under him, for he thought that something preternatural influenced the rats to shake his repose, and he certainly would have fainted, if his guardian genius had not suggested a timely effort of cunning—this suggestion was to borrow the vocal organs of
a cat.

a cat—EDWIN luckily was not unhappy at imitation—he mewed three times—first, *Piano*, secondly, *in alto*, and thirdly, in *voca alto*—the first essay alarmed—the second divided the grand body, and the third drove them all with precipitation from the precincts of his little white-washed recess.

Relieved from intruders and overpowered with toil, our hero sunk into rest, and was very happy to find on a thorough examination the next morning, that his person was unwounded, and his portable properties entire.

When he descended at break of day into the kitchen of the welch Hotel—the landlord met him with a kind salutation, and enquired with much solicitude, how he had rested the preceding night—As EDWIN had received no bodily injury, and did not mean to repeat the trial, he thought it as well to appear satisfied as otherwise—The tea apparatus being displayed upon a round deal table, almost white by the rubbings of

VOL. I. N cleanliness.

cleanliness, including some oaten bread, and a pan of Irish butter, he sat down with the lord of the mansion and his ruddy mate, and after drinking nine cups of the distillation of Souchong, and eating three slices from the husky loaf, each one inch and a half in thickness, called for his bill, which run precisely thus.

	s.	d.
Roast Mutton - - - - -	0	6
Bread - - - - -	0	1
Apple-pye - - - - -	0	3
Three pints of Ale - - - - -	0	6
Tobacco - - - - -	0	1
Brandy - - - - -	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Toasted Cheese - - - - -	0	1
Bed - - - - -	0	3
Breakfast - - - - -	0	4
	2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

The amount of this bill, though seemingly reasonable and cheap, was considered then as singularly exorbitant—The irascible vender of ale and cheese, at the Cannon, being a repu-

a reputed miser, who would refuse credit to the Curate, if he had not wherewith to pay*.

Though Wrexham can only be considered as hanging upon the skirts of Wales, it then partook of the proverbial cheapness of that mountainous extremity of Britain; where EDWIN had board and lodging of the best sort for so small a consideration as five shillings a week, and has seen instances of people resident in some of the interior parts, whose several incomes have not been more than twenty pounds a year, in as much seeming comfort and propriety of life, as others in London on the annual expenditure of one hundred and fifty—but Wales, like the rest of the kingdom, has, since that period, received the baneful approaches of Luxury, and consequently

* It has been confidently affirmed as marvellous proofs of the efficacy of avarice, that Foote unnecessarily endured an amputation, to procure a patent from the late DUKE of YORK, and that an Irish sailor, who wanted some money to go to Dublin, actually received thirty pounds at Portsmouth, to be shot the next day in the place of ADMIRAL BYNG.

lost much of its ancient simplicity of manners; for Luxury may increase the expence, but never adds to the felicity of the individual.

The bill being paid—a saddle horse procured, and the unaffected blessing of the host and his wife administered—EDWIN bestrode his Bucephalus, on the first day of January 1767, turned the nose of his steed towards Oswestry, and rode off in the ardent expectation of meeting Mr. HEATON's Company—the sanguine comedian arrived safe at Oswestry, but did not meet with the object of his search, Mr. HEATON, with all his *suite*, having left the place a few weeks before.

EDWIN laid claim to the offices of hospitality in the house of a Mr. GRIFFITH, who sold good liquor, by the virtue of a licence, at the sign of the Woolpack—There was a visible *hauteur* in the mien of Mr. GRIFFITH—a certain ostentatious grandness of manner, which EDWIN thought detrimental to his purposes—to soften or remove
that

that illegitimate species of dignity, the raw and ragged follower of the muses adopted an expedient, which has been practised successfully by numerous great men, in the hour of necessity, from Plato to PEPPIER ARDEN—this humanizing medium was flattery*—delectable, ruinous flattery, whose pernicious influence despoils the virgin of her purity, and the statesman of his honour—Illiberality of his pence, and desperation of his pang—it operates like an indistinct delegate of omnipotence—turns the stream of human affections, and makes our prejudice subordinate to our abhorrence.

He

* When GARRICK returned from Italy, he prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered to the play he first appeared in. When he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza. When this unprecedented applause had nearly subsided, he used every art to lull the tumult into a profound silence, and, just as all was hushed as death, and anxious expectation sat on every face, old CARVETTO, who was better known by the appellation of NOSBY, anticipated the first line of the address by—aw—aw—a most tremendous yawn. A convulsion of laughter ensued, and it was then some minutes before the wished-for silence could be again restored. That, however,

He continued in this retreat a few days, during which time he wrote to Mr. HEATON, who was then with his troop of merry-men, at Bewdley, in Worcestershire,

obtained—GARRICK delivered his address with his wonted fascination of manner, and retired with applause, such as was never better given or deserved—but the matter did not rest here—The moment he came off the stage, he flew like the lightning's flash to the music room, where, collaring the astonished NOSEY, he began to abuse him most vociferously—"Wha—why—you old scoundrel—you must be the most infernal"—at length poor CARVETTO—"oh Mistera GARRICK! vat is the matter—vat I haf do—oh God vat is it?"—"The matter! why you old, damned, eternal, senseless ideot—with no more brains than your cursed bass viol—just at the—a—very moment I had played with the audience—tickled them like a trout, and brought them to the most accommodating silence—as pat to my purpose—so perfect—that it was, as one may say, a companion for MILTON's visible darkness—just at that critical moment did not you, with your damned jaws stretched wide enough to swallow a peck loaf—yaw—yawn and be curst to you?—Oh I wish from my soul you had never shut your brown jaws again"—"Sare, Mistera GARRICK, Sare—only if you please hear me von vord—it is alway the vay—it is indeed, Mistera GARRICK, alway the vay I go when I haf the greatest rapture, Mistera GARRICK"—CARVETTO's flattery subdued GARRICK's anger, and the supposed offence vanished with the instant!

for

for an engagement, and money to bear his expences to the seat of war.

At the expiration of four days, time brought both, and the demands of Mr. GRIFFITH being satisfied, he mounted his garron once more on the 10th of the same month, and set out for Shrewsbury, accompanied by his landlord; they arrived at this magazine of Shropshire, at the usual hour of dinner—the weather being very cold and frosty, and EDWIN unblest'd with boots, he was obliged to continue longer at Shrewsbury than he intended, to restore his faculties to their proper tone, and recover the use of his languid limbs.

It was almost dark when the shattered appendage of comedy had resolved to continue his rout; but a long ride in the dark through roads he had never seen before, and a cross a country whose geography he knew not, brought him at last to the sign of the Shoulder of Mutton, at Bridgnorth.

A man had been dispatched on foot from Shrewsbury, an hour before the player began his journey, for the purpose of bringing back the horse—Edwin not only found that man on his arrival, but a good fire, and all those variegated complexions of comfort with which Plenty ever beautifies the dwelling she has blest—He surveyed the appurtenances of the inn with a smile—his warm fancy anticipated a good supper and a soft bed; and he ruminated on what was to ensue, till ideal pleasure triumphed over the rude impressions of toil.

The sum total of the bill at the Shoulder of Mutton, drew the last marvél from Edwin's purse—of choices, he had but two left, either to remain pennyless at Bridgnorth, or to seek Bewdley on foot—he embraced the latter; and after rambling many miles, frequently up to the knees in snow, with no other defence for his legs but a pair of white silk stockings darned three inches above the shoe, eventually saw with inconceivable delight the spires of Bewdley rising above the circumvolving smoke—The
glad-

gladdening object reinvigorated his nervous system—he added speed to his will, and in a quarter of an hour scraped the snow from his *pantoufles* at the threshold of the Talbot, an inn of the second quality at Bewdley, and kept at that period by a Mr. HADDOCKS, where he remained a few hours in state to receive the customary congratulations of the strolling manager, and some of the principal performers on his arrival.

When the comic deputation entered the room of the inn, EDWIN received them with naked legs, (his silk hose, the only pair he had, being then under the hands of the *Blancheceusse*, to be purified and emblazoned against the next morning)—a face as sharp as a regimental razor at the horseguards, and a liquifying nose, the tip of which had been tinted with a deep blue by the busy minions of Boreas.

After mutual enquiries between the manager and the dependant, as to the state of the company—the disposition of the townspeople, and the ability of the candidates,
the

the part of SCRUB was selected as the most proper for EDWIN's first appearance before the critical auditory of Bewdley—The next day was fixed for the awful *debut*, and our laugh-inspiring adventurer had the sublime satisfaction of administering pleasure to a matchless concourse of some sixty persons in a large barn; and the singular honor to receive the compliments of Mr. LOOK, a master baker, who was not only esteemed as the best critic in the place, but likewise as a man who could read Latin, make verses to Chloe as well as the laureat, and moreover, a great politician, and an excellent bruiser.

While EDWIN remained under the auspices of Mr. HEATON, he was made, as the actors phrase it, *useful*, and assumed all characters of all descriptions in tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime, interlude, prelude, *et cetera*, and enacted without compunction or shame, BAJAZET, HOB, and CHRONONHOTOLOGUS on the same night.

night.* In all which he had the good fortune to equal the expectations of those drama-loving bumkins, among whom, discernment was not eminently notorious.

EDWIN continued for three weeks at Bewdley, without being able to put a single shilling in his pocket, to operate as a charm against the visitation of the devil—The auditors in the barn, became every evening less in point of numbers—the state of the Company's treasury was truly lamentable—the countenance of every performer was lengthened an inch by desperation—The Manager's note of hand would not pass current for twopence—the poisoned bowl and dagger were carefully hid from the hungry claimants at rehearsal, and EDWIN exclaimed

* When the late Mr. KNIPE, well known for the height of his person, and the lowness of his intellect, was engaging performers for the country, the late celebrated Mr. BARRY, asked him jocularly, if he could give him an engagement—"No," replied KNIPE, "I could not afford you a half-share—you are nobody—you could not play OTHELLO and JOBSON, on the same evening without a murmur."

when

when he delineated his distresses at Bewdly,
like **SHIFT** in the **MINOR**,

“ In a word, Sir, I studied and starved,

“ Impoverished my body, and pampered my mind.”

The climax of human calamities, ever leads to some summit or another, and when we have been dragged *willy-nilly* to that height, by the progress of misfortune, the greatness of our character is determinable by the stand we make then against the pressure of destruction—**EDWIN** had arrived at that summit, but his confident ingenuity prevented him from falling—One morning, while he was studying the part of **SHARP** in the **LYING VALET**, without coin in his pocket or peace in his mind, the scarlet-nosed host of the Talbot, gave a gentle tap at the door of his apartment—**EDWIN** gave him admission, and laboured to welcome the Boniface of Bewdley with a smile, though his knowledge of the nature of the visit, palsied his very heart.

“ A fine day, Landlord,” said **EDWIN**,

“ Yes,

"Yes, yes, the day is well enough, but we'll talk about business if you please," said the shamefaced host, scratching with his left hand a little tuft of black hair, which peeped beneath the penthouse of his brown wig.

"I hope, Mr. EDWIN, that you'll not be offended at what I am going to say; but having a bill to pay of a large amount, if you will discharge the little matter between you and me, I shall be glad—I must make up a sum against to-morrow, and hope you'll not be offended at my request."

Offended, said the other, (suppressing a deep sigh, at his insufficiency) why in God's name should I be offended—is it not your due—your right—and what I should have offered—you want money you say—curse it, it's unlucky, that I can't supply you at present!—but here's my purse you see, by the bye, as empty as an historian's stomach in Paternoster row—but as my resources are certain, suppose we fix on next Friday—Well, Friday be it, replied the keeper of the

Talbot—Till then percisely at 12 o'clock, re-joined EDWIN, your fancy may anticipate enjoyment, for at the meridian of that day shall your bar room till receive the sum total of your moderate demand*—God bless you, master, said the Landlord, retreating from the chamber—and you too, added the Comedian, and if ever you want money, do not use any ceremony with a friend, but apply to me—Thus did our hero parry the thrusts of necessity, and they were so well directed to the feelings, that the credulous Innkeeper of Bewdley, beheld the sum in imagination with as much felicity, as an old maid after marriage feels, on surveying her first child—or an old horse eating watergrass—or a

* The late TOM WESTON, being in a strolling company in Suffex, when the success was even less than moderate, ran up a bill of three shillings with his Landlord, who sold rusty bacon,—as things looked suspiciously, the hog vender waited upon the Comedian, and insisted upon having his money immediately—"Make yourself easy, my honest fellow," said WESTON, "for by the Gods I will pay you this night in some shape or another." "See you do, MASTER WESTON," retorted the landlord surlily, "d'ye hear, let it be as much in the shape of three shillings as possible."

young

young Comedian, rehearsing a lame jest—
 or a Taylor reading the death of a Princess
 —or a prime Minister corrupting a country
 gentleman——

Those who have not studied the curvettings of society may think that EDWIN's liberal declaration was fashioned by sincerity—but if such there are, they will be misled—no human event was more distant from the mind of man, than the completion of this promise—but I will not be misunderstood—EDWIN did not intend to use this as a fraud, but as one of those venial expedients, which the poorer adherents of humanity are compelled to exercise, in order to throw a veil over their featherless state.

The members of country companies, like the members of British courts, have their weaknesses and their vanities—their vices and their virtues—and these features are so permanent in the human disposition, that no events, however complicated by misery, can eradicate them from our nature.—EDWIN was a human being, consequently EDWIN was not infallible—Going to dress for

Sir *John Lowerule* in the *Devil to Pay*, in the neatest corner of a manger, he asked the property man somewhat authoritatively for a dress---What will you have Sir, said the half-educated Taylor---What did I wear in *Romeo* last night? (for be it known that *EDWIN* twice played *Romeo*)--the green and gold, replied the illegitimate son of the sheers---Did I, retorted the actor, then bring the blue and gold for *Lowerule*---The green and gold, and blue and gold, being high-sounding words; I think it necessary for the interests of truth to note, that both one and the other were composed of coloured frize, edged with gilt leather---our adventurer, having the best voice in the company, as well as having more of the science of music than any of his compeers, was frequently announced for a song between the Acts, and his favorite ditty was,

“ When the trees were all bare, not a leaf to be seen.”

In these attempts, he was accompanied by two fiddlers, who were situated on the left side of the stage, and who composed the Band of the Barn---The principal of these

these ministers of Phœbus was an odd character, as full of vulgarism as DIBDIN, and egotism as * ARNE—half made—half rational, but nevertheless an excellent performer—to give an unquestionable proof of his ability, he would sometimes bring a six-penny fiddle to accompany an entire opera, being persuaded that he could produce as much harmony from that, as Giardini from the choicest Cremona—A sense of his superiority, made him insufferably vain, and not unfrequently troublesome—he took liberties

Dr. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE : this gentleman was the son of Mr. ARNE, an upholsterer, in Covent Garden, the person supposed to have been intended by Mr. Addison, drawing the character of the celebrated politician, in No. 155, and 160, of the *Tatler* : he was early devoted to musick, and soon became eminent in his profession. On the 6th of July 1759, he was made a Doctor of Musick, by the university of Oxford. The excellence of his composition is universally acknowledged in every country, except Italy, where envy destroys candour.--He was in the habit of constantly praising his own performance—it has been asserted, that when he set *Comus* to musick, he had not sufficient knowledge to annex the accompaniments—he died, March 5, 1778, and buried on the north side of Covent Garden Church.

with the audience and the performers, and would often burst out into an exclamation, while EDWIN was singing, at the end of every verse, with,

“ Well done, EDDY”

“ Bravo, EDD Y’

“ Well chaunted, EDDY.”

The idiom of the land was not considerably beautified by his management—but as human vanity bears in general an exact proportion in vulgar minds to human ignorance, we must not be surprised, that the limb of Timotheus was noisy—contemptible and impertinent*.

Silver-

* When a certain equestrian adept, not very remarkable for his modesty, or gentleman-like manner, came from Paris, he was accosted by a friend as follows—“ Well, PHILIP, how have you done in France?—Done, why I might have learnt the Dolphin to ride if I would!—Is the young Prince like the king his father?”—His father! Lord help your silly head, why the king never could get that there child—he is *omnipotent*, he has been so for some time.—How came you by that bruise on your forehead, PHILIP?

“ continued

Silver-headed Time, in pity to the distressed of the Protean family, had now brought that period about, within a week, when the performers exercise a double portion of hilarity, and the managers became dogged and four—To be familiar with the reader, that space allotted for the benefits of the several occupants of the sock and Buskin was coming on with more haste than the manager wished, and with less than his dependants required—In the Dramatic System at Bewdley, two persons were generally associated in one Benefit: and it fell to EDWIN's lot to be united with a Mr. SMITH, a Comedian of little promise even in the Country. The pretensions and qualifications

continued the facetious inquirer—" Oh, an accident, rejoined the master of brutes ;" you must know, I had a young horse sent me to break in from Mary-le-bone ; I crossed him for the first time this morning, about four o'clock ; but what d'ye think ? why a rainy night to me, as I say to Mr. Merryman, but the little *manx* ran away with me to Foxhall, and then making a circumvendibus towards the Dog and Duck, would certainly have killed me on the spot, if he had not luckily ran my head against the *obstacle* in the middle of Saint George's fields."

of these colleagues were opposite—SMITH was considered as the worst actor in the Company, and EDWIN as the best—SMITH was immoderately fond of the pursuit—EDWIN half sickened with his ill success—Our play shall be the *Revenge*, said SMITH, for I have got some nice worsted feathers that will suit the part of *Alonzo* exactly--- If you take that dismal Tragedy of *YOUNG's*, said EDWIN, I must of course be out of the performance---Well, added the other, if you are, you know you can sing between the Acts, and to strengthen the bill, I intend after the play to speak the Prologue to *ZARA* in the character of a *Drunken Sailor*, after the *manner* of Mr. GARRICK---But now we have settled the play, said EDWIN, let us turn our thoughts to the farce, what shall that be? the *CHEATS* of *SCAPIN*, rejoined the other, I will play *SCAPIN*, and you shall enact *GRIPE*.

Thus did SMITH, though the least effective man of the two, assume the strong parts to himself---while EDWIN only sung a silly ditty, with a book in his hands,
between

between the Acts of the Tragedy, and got into a sack in the after-piece to be laughed at for his complaisance, and beat for his folly.

The profits of this Benefit, proved the weakness of the claimants talents---for blustering, bellowing, sweating, fretting, laughing, singing, dancing, and weeping, for four hours, the sum total of the reward, after paying the expences of the Barn for rent, lighting---Actors---Cloaths---Scenes, and the diminutive officers, amounted to twenty-five shillings each, which with the pieces of candle not consumed, made up the whole of the personal profits of these two imbecile labours in the Theatric vineyard.

As EDWIN and his unfortunate companion, Mr. SMITH, were returning from a village, where they had been to gather some money for tickets in the meridian of Bewdley, about nine o'clock in the evening, when Cynthia hung emblazoned in the heavens with more than usual splendour,

and the cold nipping air made them button up their furtouts from the chin to the waistband, they perceived something in a human shape prostrate on the ground---At the sight of this singular spectacle, EDWIN's teeth began to chatter, and SMITH's knees knocked together incessantly---each emboldened the other to approach, but neither would---at length Edwin collecting more than common courage, thus addressed the motionless lump before them.

“ Angels and ministers of grace defend us,
Art thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable?—

“ D——n your nonsense,” muttered the animal on the ground,” if you won't come to bed yourself, bring me another blanket, and, d'ye hear, put the candle out”——The tones of the drowsy grumbler no sooner reached their ears, than they knew their man, who was no other than the musician already recorded for his presumption—The fact is, he had been taking more than his accustomed

accustomed allotment of brandy that day, which was a pint and a half, and being in consequence somewhat inebriate, had mistaken a dunghill for his bed chamber, and would have slept till the crowing of Chanticleer, but for this timely interruption.—

Our hero had resided at Bewdley for the space of nine weeks, and though he had been indefatigable in his studies, and, to speak comparatively, supereminently successful in his endeavours to please, yet the hard-earned sum for so much toil, and so much merit, made no more upon an accurate calculation than three pounds two shillings and six-pence—As this inconsiderable acquisition would not answer the voracious demands of his creditors in the Town, EDWIN was obliged to assail the humanity of Mr. HEATON, their dramatic Governor, who lent him just sufficient to defray the several bills, which formed in unity the tremendous aggregate of eight pounds two shillings and sixpence.

The following is a list of the particulars
of the demand.

	l.	s.	d.
Nine Weeks board and lodg- ing, at 7s. per week -	3	3	9
Three pints of ale a day, making 189, at 2d. per pint -	1	11	6
A pair of Shoes -	0	5	6
Two pair of Cotton Stockings -	0	7	0
Washing -	0	12	0
Two new Handkerchiefs -	0	3	0
A false tail -	0	1	0
Tobacco and Pipes -	0	1	0
Two new Shirts -	0	9	0
Ruffles for ditto -	0	7	6
Soaling and heeling a pair of Boots -	0	3	6
New feet for Stockings -	0	2	9
A Crab Stick with a brass- head -	0	1	6
Three bottles of Brandy -	0	9	0
Thomas a Kempis and Cib- ber's Life -	0	2	0
The Muse in good humour	0	0	6
Carried over, -	7	19	6

Brought over,	7	19	6
Brushes and blacking	0	2	0
Thread and needles	0	0	3
Tumbler broke at the Talbot	0	0	9

£ 8 2 6

It is unnecessary to inform the reader, that EDWIN was now in the lowest state of his profession: as the limited wardrobe contained in his box, or rather his bundle, fully verified—it was conscious only of the reception of the underwritten articles.

An old green coat, with new elbows
inworked, much brighter than the
body.

A striped Waistcoat.

A pair of red Breeches.

Ditto black with buttons as good as
new.

One pair of White Silk Stockings.

Ditto black worsted.

Three Pocket Handkerchiefs.

One pair of yellow buckles for Old-
men.

A metzotinto of JACK SHEPHERD.

Two

Two Neckcloths.

A pair of nutcrackers that were formerly TOM DURFEY'S.

A Razor case.

Five Comedy Wigs.

A pair of square Toe Shoes.

And a Horn Snuff-box.

Should a rigid observer of circumstances wish to know by what means EDWIN acquired so considerable a Stock of bodily ornaments, and which were never mentioned before in this narrative; I must beg leave to inform him that they were literally very honestly acquired, without the intervention of fairies, or any thing of the same extraordinary or supernatural complexion—

The acquisition was honorable; and the agency by which it was accomplished merely mortal.

VANDERMERE, the actor, gave him
The *Green Coat*.

HEATON, the manager, bestowed
The *Waistcoat and Breeches*.

A young

A young woman of the town, brought
The *Stockings, Handkerchiefs* and *Neckcloth*.

The mad minstrel made an offering of

The *Buckles, Wigs* and *Shoes*.

And a toyman of Bewdley gave

The *Horn Snuff-Box*.

The veriest trifles, when appertaining to a
conspicuous character are read with avidity*
—and the movements of a man of celebrity

* The late Laureat, Mr. Warton, hearing that Mr. Nason, Rector of Stratford-upon-avon, had given an elegant cup and ink-stand, made out of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, to Dr. H——n, he sent word to his old fellow Oxonian, that he would soon visit Bath; pour a libation of sack from the goblet, to the immortal memory of the great bard; and write his next Ode out of the ink-stand; but whilst such things were “*To be,*” Death cried, “*Not to be.*” —The ink-stand was to have been presented to the Laureat, with the following invocation written on the cover:—

FRUCTU COGNOSCITUR ARBOR.

Sweet relick, sprung from Shakespeare's hallow'd tree.
Prove thou a fount of immortality;
Spirit divine! some glowing breast inspire
With kindred passion, and congenial fire;
The golden fruit, from some new scion raise,
And on thy Mulberry ingraft thy bays!

through

through the varied gradations of his being are worthy a register in the tablets of immortality—Individuals of note expect that performance, and those who have the power to perform, allow the claim—I have many doubts, if the love of fame is not of equal import with the love of life—If we have acted nobly, we ardently hope that our name and the act may be given in union to the world—There are some who affect to think otherwise, and are hypocritically angry when their good deeds are announced—Such persons notoriously labour to imitate the antients in their self-denial, though uninstructed by the same lofty impulse—We are told, that AUGUSTUS prohibited the common use of his name, lest it should grow too cheap and vile by plebeian conversation—The name of MERCURIUS TRISMEGISTUS was not commonly mentioned, because of the great reverence people had for him; and the very heathens were afraid to pronounce the name of their great god DEMOGORGON, as fearing the earth would tremble when the sounds issued from their lips.

Vanity

Vanity has been very unjustly ascribed by a variety of writers, as the predominant quality of the female mind, but I am convinced, that that flimsy passion exists with more force in the masculine bosom—It is not my place here to descant so far upon its consequences as to determine, whether its influence is more profitable or ruinous—but I will affirm, that were we deprived of its administrations altogether, we should lose the master-spring of our machine—let it be directed right, and it will effect the most momentous and beneficial purposes—it will teach the virtuous poor to be inwardly proud of their suffering, and exclaim with the author of the Night Thoughts,

Let high birth triumph; what can be more great?

Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To virtue's humblest son, let none prefer

Vice---though descended from a conqueror.

Shall men, like FIGURES, pass for high or base,

Slight, or important, only by their place?

Titles are marks of *honest* men and *wise*;

The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

After a succession of unpleasant circumstances, EDWIN abdicated his situation in

Mr. HEATON's company, and listening to the persuasion of a brother of the buskin, agreed to set off for Preston, in Lancashire, to join a band of extraordinary performers, under the command of General HAMILTON.—By forced marches—accidental rides, and much good fortune, they reached the place of action in five days—EDWIN preferred his suit to the manager—his qualifications were examined, and he was formally admitted a member of that respectable body of mummeters to participate the incidental vexations, and share the profits of the undertaking.

EDWIN made his debut in Preston, in the character of *Coriolanus*, and was received with particular marks of attention from a discerning audience—The next character he assumed was Romeo; but for want of a proper side scene, the lady, who enacted *Juliet*, was under the irksome necessity of delivering her amorous extasies from a ladder, which was placed purposely against the O. P. wing—EDWIN being then but a sort of novice in making love, and not knowing the delicate customs of *Mantua*,
placed

placed himself too immediately under the fair object of his idolatry, who was obliged in consequence to pay more attention to her petticoats than her author, to prevent the puny innamorato from espying the nakedness of the land—The minion of risibility had now arrived at that epoch of his being, when the passions were mature, but the judgment imperfect—when the will to do wrong, was not curbed by a knowledge of the pangs of evil—EDWIN ran into excesses, which the ascribed inexperience of youth could scarcely render venial in the judicatory of charity—He sometimes perpetrated little misdemeanors, which engendered real concern; looking for no other recompence but a laugh, though the merriment was extracted from the inconvenience of his neighbour!

The adherent of Thespis then lodged at a tallow-chandler's, in Preston; at the back of which was a large mansion, tenanted by two of those unhappy animals, sarcastically denominated *tabbies*, or old maids—in their service was a rosy wench,
y'clep'd

y'clep'd NELL, and this Helen had contrived by oblique leers—significant simpers, and other overt-acts of necromancy, to ensnare the tindry heart of JOHN EDWIN—As neither of the parties had taken the vow of chastity, an assignation was the issue, and the hour of eleven, after the play, was the time appointed for the callow comedian to scale the garden wall, and lay siege to this linsley-woolsey Thisbe, while her mistresses were enjoying as much comfort as a down bed could administer to the aliens of hope.

The moment arrived—the wall was scaled, and the flippant servant of the muses welcomed by the fair one to the kitchen, where they played a *duet*, in quick time, upon a venison pasty, and fulfilled all the *et ceteras* with a zest—which nothing but youth can uphold, and love experience—A bottle of Burton ale was brought forward as an accompaniment, and thus jocundly did this falacious twain revel unseen by any, except an antient solitary rat which had infested the larder, time immemorial!

One.

One day passed during the progress of this sublime commerce, when the blythe paramour neglected to visit his lovely Dulcinea—the inattention had nearly proved fatal to the wretched nymph—she pined in thought until the coming night, which restored the wanderer to her eager arms—she mildly chid him for his infidelity, while her azure eyes were laden with tears—the comedian had not a soul of flint—he kissed away the pearly drop which had damped her healthy cheek, and subdued her distresses in the language of the gallant Anthony.

How I loved,
 Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
 That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
 As all your business were to count my passion.
 One day past by, and nothing saw but love;
 Another came, and still 'twas only love:
 The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
 And I untir'd with loving.

As the meretricious HELEN was an humble *élève* of the Muses, she thus replied appropriate, in the soft numbers of the Egyptian Queen.

Come to me, come, my soldier to my arms,
 You've been too long away from my embraces,

VOL. I.

P

But,

But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken murmurs, and with am'rous sighs,
 I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
 And mark you red with many a burning kiss.

Their amorous orgies were continued for nine days, and would even longer, had not the wicked genius of EDWIN impelled him to be mischievous—he would sometimes creep up to the door of the chamber, which had the honor to contain the unpolluted frames of the two descendants of the *holy Ursula*, and placing his mouth to the key-hole, bellow in a low and hollow note, that they would be inevitably ravished, when their tutelary deity Diana had journied nineteen days nearer to the dissolution of the world—These nocturnal interruptions filled the wrinkled spinsters with terror—they consulted the vicar, and the general conclusion was, that the house was haunted—In consequence, the ladies sent for their landlord, and formally gave him notice, that they should quit the habitation as soon as possible—This news was by no means welcome to the owner of the tenement, who so far from being superstitious, insisted that

the

the fair reciters of the horrid tale must have been mistaken. However, at any rate, he requested permission to sit up in the house the ensuing night—The demand was granted, and the landlord armed with a blunderbuss, took his station in a private room, unknown to the expectant NELLY—The clock had scarcely struck ten, when the player tapped gently at the back door as usual, and was admitted—After the accustomed dalliance had subsided, EDWIN, being more frolicksome than ordinary, took a large he-cat which was purring by the fire-side, and affixed some walnut shells to his feet with wax, and then let him loose about the house—the unaccountable noise soon reached the ears of the landlord, who in hurrying down stairs was heard by the affrighted parties—EDWIN in the utmost trepidation effected his retreat, and had actually scrambled to the top of the garden wall, when his pursuer levelled his blunderbuss, and discharged the contents at his gaunt body—the slugs whizzed by his head, but happily for society did not destroy him—Alarmed at the perils which surrounded

him, he lost his reason and his hold together, and tumbled headlong into a butt of water on the other side, and must infallibly have been suffocated, if the weight of his anatomy had not overturned the vessel, which in falling seemed to vomit forth his ill-fated carcase, with as much antipathy as the Leviathan did Jonas.

After this discomfiture, EDWIN became more circumspect in his amours---he confessed that Cupid had used him but scurvily, and was half inclined to call philosophy to conquer his influence—he found that the completion of passion was torment, though the first movements were gladdening, and that nothing could compare with the satisfaction resulting from a sense of virtue.

JOHN EDWIN, like that gigantic legislator EDMUND BURKE, was made up of contradictory elements, which partially had their dominion over the man by turns—To-day he was jocund, another melancholic—now replete with hilarity now depressed by embryo-troubles—On Monday, he was a metaphysician;

metaphysician; on Tuesday, a theologist; on Wednesday, a republican; on Thursday, an *aristocrate*; yet in despite of his weaknesses he was respectable—the latent genius of the man, burst through the coverings of habit, and cast a luminousness around him, which rendered our vision imperfect to the developement of his diminishing properties.

While he remained with the half-clad troop at Preston, the whole company were alarmed with the dismal tidings, that the magistrate of the town had given permission to another set of strollers to exhibit in the town at the same time—the wanderers who had created this alarm, were personages of no less celebrity, than *Mr. Punch and his merry family*—Whether it arose from the dread of competition or otherwise, was never satisfactorily decided, but certain it is, that an humble petition to the justice was resolved on, to induce him to remove the impediments to their well-being, and EDWIN was selected as the properest person to write it ---the choice of his brethren in this measure,

was not entirely indiscreet, as EDWIN was the only man in their body, who was sufficiently advanced in education to be able to write---the rest had been too lively to attend to the vulgar drudgeries of the School-----

The ensuing day, EDWIN produced the remonstrance which ran as follows.

To the WORSHIPFUL JUSTICE ADDLE,
greeting.

We your Petitioners, feeling ourselves aggrieved, by the establishment of another company in the town of PRESTON, contrary to antient usage, beg leave to solicit that they may be removed forthwith---we flatter ourselves, that we can offer your Worship some solid reasons, to justify the seeming boldness of this interference---PUNCH and his family, your Worship, have always been considered as the mere outcasts of mirth---the aliens of chaste humour---every body knows that PUNCH is a corrup-

ter

ter of youth, and has been put in the stocks a hundred times, and is likewise such an ungrateful rascal, that he would even abuse his maker---We, your Worship, are obliged to study hard and cogitate, before we can make our appearance on the stage with propriety, whereas PUNCH and his *suite* can remain in a state of idleness (and idleness, your Worship knows, is the root of all evil) hanging upon pegs behind the scenes, until the moment that the musician shall give the signal for their descent; besides they may all get their living, and be useful to the world in another way---The QUEEN OF SHEBA may become a handle for a coffee pot---King SOLOMON would make an excellent boot jack---his wife JOAN a watchman's rattle, and Mr. PUNCH himself, a terrific scarecrow---and not doubting of redress, we sign this memorial with all due humility.

JOHN EDWIN,

HECTOR HAMILTON,

His mark for self and company.

PRESTON; 8th January, 1768.

Pursuant to this request, both parties were ordered into the presence of the magistrate the next morning, where, for reasons which it is unnecessary to notice, PUNCH did not appear, but his worthy friend and ally Mr. FLOCKTON officiated as his *locum tenens* and counsel—This gentleman-usher to the court of KING SOLOMON, with much eloquence assured the Justice that the whole affair had originated in envy, hatred, and uncharitableness—that his associate PUNCH, was a very exemplary member of Society—the very fogle-man of morality—never frequented beer houses on the Sabbath, or run in debt, without an intention of paying, which was more, he presumed, than his virulent enemies could boast—that though it was not the lot of any to be perfect, yet he would venture to affirm, that he could recite *Hamlet* as well, and introduce as many new readings as Mr. HAMILTON himself; and though he could not altogether deny but his friend was indebted to an oak tree for his immediate being, and to the chissel for his personal beauties, yet he was not so much behind his opponents in the faculties

faculties of thought, as they wished to represent;* for though it might be admitted, that from the shoulders downward, they were knit by the sinews, and integuments common to humanity, yet no one would be hardy enough to insinuate that their heads were not as completely wooden as the great guardians of the City, in the Guildhall of London. In the material article of lineage, he was transcendantly their superior—his origin was from a God—the head and fountain of his family (as Mr. FLOCKTON elegantly expressed it) having been cut from the thigh of *Momus*, who was the *SHERIDAN* of the third heaven!—This Ciceronian harangue had the desired effect—the players lost their cause, and PUNCH was not only

* Had the great French critic *BOILEAU* been present at this examination, he certainly would have justified the magistrate in preferring the scenic exertions of Mr. PUNCH to those of his adversaries, as he contrived to preserve the unities, which were wholly neglected by his opponents—When *BOILEAU* wrote on Dramatic poetry, his idea was

*Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli
Tienne jusqu'à la fin le theatre rempli.*

allowed

allowed to exhibit his quirks and quiddities in public, but actually received with kindness into the best company, and flattered on the immensity of his talents, and the fascination of his power !

Though this indignity, one would imagine, was too powerful for their philosophy to brook, yet wonderful to relate, all would have blown over, the fangs of envy been extracted, and the rival companies have assimilated and been good friends, had not an unlucky mistake took place—but mistakes occur in the purest families—One of the party, a comely youth, but no conjurer, hid a silver spoon in his breeches, by the way of a frolic, but notwithstanding his asseverations of innocence, and the good word of Mr. HAMILTON, the matter was cruelly misinterpreted—The Joker was sent handcuffed to Lancaster, and the whole cavalcade, from the Manager to his call boy, ejected beyond the precincts of the
Town,

Town, with a few symptoms of disgrace, in three hours after the fatal discovery.*

A fort

* *The Lovers of Theatrical Antiquities will, I think, be highly gratified by the perusal of the following Appeal to the Public on the part of the Managers, or Patentees of Drury Lane Theatre, in the reign of Queen ANNE:*

Advertisement concerning the poor Actors, who, under pretence of hard usage from the Patentees, are about to desert their service.

Some persons having industriously spread about amongst the Quality and others, what small allowances the chief Actors have had this last Winter from the Patentees of Drury Lane Play-house, as if they had received no more than so many poor palatines; it was thought necessary to print the following Account.

The whole company began to act on the 12th of October, 1708, and left off on the 26th of the same month, by reason of Prince George's illness and death; and began again the 14th of December following, and left off upon the Lord Chamberlain's order, on the 4th of June last, 1709. So acted, during that time, in all 135 days, which is 22 weeks and three days, accounting six acting days to a week.

In that time £. s. d.

To Mr. Wilkes, by salary, for acting,	
and taking care of the rehearsals; paid	168 6 8
By his Benefit play;	90 14 9

Total	259 1 5
-------	---------

To

A sort of revolution began now to operate in EDWIN'S mind—he thought, and thought wisely, that the indignities attached to the profession by the malignity of ignorance, were

To Mr. Betterton by salary, for acting, 4l. a week for himself, and 1l. a week for his wife, although she does not act; paid	£. s. d.
By a benefit play at common prices, besides what he got by high prices; and Guineas; paid	112 10 0
	76 4 5
	188 14 5

To Mr. Eastcourt, at 5l. a week salary; paid	112 10 0
By a benefit play; paid	51 8 6
	163 18 6

To Mr. Cibber, at 5l. a week salary; paid	111 10 0
By a benefit play; paid	51 0 10
	162 10 10

To Mr. Mills, at 4l. a week for himself, and 1l. a week for his wife, for little or nothing	112 10 0
By a benefit play paid to him (not including therein what she got by a benefit play)	58 1 4
	170 11 4

To

were not counterbalanced by proportionate advantages—he ruminated, and was determined to make trial of some other occupation—Thus resolved, he continued wandering

To Mrs Oldfield, at 4l. a week salary, which for 14 weeks and one day; she leaving off acting presently after her benefit (viz.) on the 17th of March last, 1708, though the benefit was intended for her whole nine months acting, and she refused to assist others in their benefits; her salary for these 14 weeks and one day came to, and she was paid,

£. s. d.

In January she required, and was paid ten guineas, to wear on the stage in some plays, during the whole season, a mantua petticoat that was given her for the stage, and though she left off three months before she should, yet she hath not returned any part of the ten guineas.

56 13 4

And she had for wearing in some plays a suit of boys cloaths on the stage; paid

10 15 0

2 10 9

By a benefit play; paid

62 7 8

132 6 7

Certainties in all

1077 3 8

Besides which certain sums abovementioned, the same actors got by their benefit plays, as follows:

Note,

dering along the path on the high road, when the flying waggon from Liverpool overtook him—EDWIN made a politic bargain with the waggoner, which was to be conveyed

Note, that Mr. Betterton having had 76l. *£. s. d.*
 4s. 5d. as above mentioned, for two-thirds of the profits by a benefit play, reckoning his tickets for the boxes at 5s. a piece, the pit at 3s. the first gallery at 2s. and the upper gallery at 1s.—But the boxes, pit, and stage, laid together on his day, and no person admitted but by his tickets, the lowest at half a guinea a ticket; nay he had much more, for one lady gave him ten guineas, some five guineas, some two guineas, and most one guinea, supposing that he designed not to act any more, and he delivered tickets out for more persons, than the boxes, pit, and stage could hold; it is thought he cleared at least 450l. over and and besides the 76l. 4s. 5d. - - - 450 0 0

'Tis thought Mr. Estcourt cleared 200l. besides the said 51l. 8s. 6d. - - - 200 0 0

That Mr. Wilkes cleared by Guineas, as it is thought, about 40l. besides the said 90l. 14s. 9d. - - - 40 0 0

That Mr. Cibber got by Guineas, as it is thought, about 50l. besides the said 51l. 0s. 10 d. - - - 50 0 0

That

conveyed to London, for half the usual price, but as this was meant by the driver to be a perquisite for himself, he laid the Comedian under an injunction to quit the waggon

That Mr. Mills got by guineas about 20l. as	£.	s.	d.
it is thought, besides the said 58l. 1s. 4d	20	0	0
That Mrs. Oldfield, it is thought, got 120l.			
by guineas over and above the said 62l. 7s. 8d.	120	0	0

In all	180	0	0
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So that these six comedians, who are the unsatisfied people, have between the 12th of October and the 4th of June last, cleared in all the following sums: £. s. d.

Acted 100 times, Mr. Wilkes certain	259	1	5
and more by computation	40	0	0

Both	299	1	5
------	-----	---	---

Acted 16 times, Mr. Betterton certain,	188	14	5
and more by computation	450	0	0
	638	14	5

Acted 52 times, Mr. Eastcourt certain,	163	18	6
and more by computation	200	0	0
	363	18	6

Acted

waggon before they entered upon a new stage, and remount the vehicle half a mile on the other side. This expedient was fulfilled, and things

Acted 71 times, Mr. Cibber certain, and more by computation.	£. s. d. 162 10 10 50 0 0 212 10 10
Acted — times, Mr. Mills certain, and more by computation	170 11 4 20 0 0 190 11 4
Acted 39 times, Mrs. Oldfield certain and more by computation	132 6 7 120 0 3 252 6 7
In all	1957 3 2

Had not acting been forbid seven weeks on the occasion of Prince George's death, and my Lord Chamberlain forbid acting about five weeks before the tenth of July instant ; each of these actors would have had twelve weeks salary more than is abovementioned.

As to the certainties expressed in this paper, to be paid to the six Actors, the same are positively true : and as to the sums they got over and above such certainties, I believe the same to be true, according to the best of my computation.

Witness my hand, who am Receiver and Treasurer at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, ZACHARY BAGGS.

July 8th, 1709.

went on jocundly, the waggoner whistling in accordance with the bells of his team, and EDWIN dallying with a red-haired dairy-maid from Woodside, until they arrived at Stoney Stratford on a Sunday morning, at day-break, when they found all the Inn in commotion, occasioned by the lamentations of a little bandy-legged man in a raven-grey furtout—The affair stood thus—the diminutive animal was a devil-badgerer from Cambridge, who had arrived in London but three days before, in order to preach his probationary and maiden sermon, at Saint Sepulchre's that day, before the Bishop of Lincoln.—He put up at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where, on the preceding Saturday, he met with a *freshman*, and a fellow commoner from the same university—On imparting to them the nature of his mission, they determined on making him inebriate—The design was completely executed by two o'clock on the Sunday morning, when they took an opportunity of throwing him into the basket of the Litchfield machine, which was then on the point of departing.

EDWIN and his companions reached London on the seventh day after he set out, having travelled at the prodigious rate of one mile and a half an hour—He slept one night in the metropolis, at the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad Lane, and the ensuing day took a lodging at No. 8, up two pair of stairs, in Hemming's Row, for which he was to pay three shillings and six-pence weekly—In this retreat he remained four days without any circumstance occurring, deserving the record of Biography—His designs varied with the succeeding hours—At one time he was resolved to turn ecclesiastic, but relinquished the idea, on recollecting that he had never studied Theology, learned Greek, or read the fathers—he then formed a sort of desire of becoming a lawyer, but remembering that his father called it a base profession, he scorned to be a member—lastly, and thirdly, which is generally decisive, he made up his mind to be a physician—Under this established notion he was fixed within himself, that he should sally out the next day, and rummage the old book shops for a second-hand dispensatory,

penfatory, that he might ftudy the ufe of drugs, and praftife at firft as a pharmacoplift or apothecary, until he could procure a diploma, and cut off the loofe branches of fociety, *fecundum artem*.—

The great point fettled, and the night advancing—Cynthia peeping from the edge of a dusky cloud, and the lamp-lighters emblazoning the dirty way, EDWIN conceived it neceffary (having no taper, and being unwilling to *coucher* fo early) to wander to the Coach and Horfes in Caftle-ftreet, and comfort his inteftinal relatives with a tankard of mantling beverage, vulgarly denominated, porter.—The difcourfe there having run upon plays and players, EDWIN returned at eleven to his humble lodging, with his fancy brimful of theatric images—his landlord, who was a pedling pawnbroker, having wifhed him a good night, locked the ftreet door, and both parties fought the feat of reft—About five the next morning, the comedian awoke in a terrible fright, and in his confternation, run his head through an old looking-glafs

which he shivered into a million of pieces—the cause was an irregular dream—EDWIN imagined in his sleep, that he was wandering flyly among his landlord's shelves, and heard a watch pledged by WORGAN, and a snuff-box deposited by SHUTER, exchange the following friendly sentiments—The snuff-box began—

What a shame that you, who have so often taken time by the forelock, should be immured thus !

Then the watch—with becoming dignity and pious resignation !

“ I know that my redeemer liveth, ”—

Then the snuff-box—

“ Oh, my prophetic Soul—my uncle ! ”

The last exclamation alarmed EDWIN, who supposed by the word uncle, that the snuff-box actually saw his landlord entering the chamber, and in his wild dismay and efforts to escape, thrust his left foot into the urinal, which he disjoined—inundated the room—

room—and then unfortunately destroyed the antique mirror!

When the beam of day perforated the abode of wretchedness, he put on his habiliments and breakfasted on a crust, some dried figs and spring water—

Circumstanced as he was, he became extremely unhappy—his reflections upon the unprofitable manner in which he had mispent the early part of his life, planted thorns in his bosom—as he felt no comfort in his own society, he took his hat from the peg and walked out, hoping to divert his chagrin by the diversity of objects, which so great a city as London is continually offering to attract our curiosity, and feed our surprise. As he stood surveying the contents of a stall in Saint Martin's lane, furnished with pamphlets, and second-hand books in all languages, his whole anatomy was alarmed by a slap upon the shoulder from a person behind him: it operated upon his nervous system, as effectually and as strong as an electric shock—this convulsion of his body did not arise so much from the

violence of the salute, as the place on which the slap was directed, for however it may appear to the generality of my readers, who have never been under the influence of one of those necromancers of humanity, called a bailiff, I can assure them, that a slap on the shoulder to those who have, is as dreadful a circumstance as can possibly happen in the black catalogue of mortal evil—but on turning round, his apprehensions vanished on recognising an old member of LEE's company, the facetious and eccentric PETER BOWLES. After a few prefatory questions, and hearty squeezes by the hand, he informed EDWIN that he had quitted the stage and turned author, and if he was disengaged, and willing to be entertained with the society of some of the first literary characters in England, he would do himself the honor to introduce him at their weekly club, to which he was then going—Being attached to men of letters, and having a natural taste for poetry himself, EDWIN accepted his friend's offer with many protestations of gratitude—in consequence, they set out *ensemble* to the place of rendezvous, which

which was held at the sign of the *Ben Johnson*, in the neighbourhood of Clare Market.—The player congratulated him as he approached the place of meeting, of shortly having the superlative happiness of enjoying the conversation of men, elevated by their wisdom and philosophy, above the ordinary weaknesses attendant on human nature—At length, having followed his conductor through an infinite number of bye-lanes and alleys, which though they appeared to EDWIN as intricate in their direction as the famed labyrinth of Rosamond or maze of Crete, were as familiar to his friend PETER, as the navigation of the Caribbees to BOUGANVILLE—When they arrived at the *Ben Johnson*, the despoiler of paper skipped in with that air of agreeable confidence which shakes off all reserve, and that particularly characterised the gentleman in question: he enquired at the bar if any of the club had assembled; upon receiving information that they had not, but were expected every minute, the amicable twain were shewn upstairs to the club room, which EDWIN entered with a kind of reverential awe.

In this interval PETER informed EDWIN, how he principally procured the means of subsistence, which was, to write the last dying speeches of the malefactors, and send a fellow with Stentorian lungs to bawl them in the neighbourhood of the culprit's relations, who, generally, purchased his silence with a few shillings, which the herald and the narrator shared equally between them—

They took their stations at the upper end of the table, which was covered with pipes and tobacco, and at the head was placed a chair for the moderator or president of the evening. The limb of *Roscius* could not help observing to his friend PETER, that the furniture and prints in the room by no means corresponded with the dignity and importance of the society; but he was informed that men of science were in a great measure regardless of personal accommodation—as to the prints, he admitted that they could not be admired for their excellence, but that circumstance, he said, could not be attributed to want of spirit in the landlord, who had formerly ornamented the
room

room with some fine pieces by Hogarth, among which was the distressed Poet, which being considered as a faithful copy of nature, had given offence to the club, and at their request was removed, being considered as a standing sarcasm upon the majority of the members—His friend's apology for the landlord was here interrupted by the arrival of one of the company, who was his particular friend, and a great genius; EDWIN surveyed him for some minutes with the greatest attention—After the customary salutations, the author introduced EDWIN to his acquaintance as a man of erudition—an admirer of the muses and a practical philosopher—the stranger welcomed him to the club in terms of great civility, but in a manner which evidently gave him to understand, that he considered himself in the instant, as conferring a singular favour—While PETER BOWLES and the arrogant bard, entered into conversation upon the occurrences of the day, the personifier of mankind listened with the profoundest silence, and considered each remark as issuing from the mouth of an oracle—EDWIN soon learned from the
 stranger's

stranger's accent that he was a North Brit-
 tain, and from his discourse, that he was an
 author of magnitude, equal to writing upon
 any subject natural, moral, or metaphysical
 —he inveighed to Mr. BOWLES with great
 bitterness, against the deference that is paid
 to public opinion—he roundly asserted, that
 those authors who valued themselves upon
 it were blockheads, and would undertake
 to prove that there could not be a more con-
 vincing proof of the want of merit in a lite-
 rary composition, than the extensiveness of
 its sale—The generality of readers, he main-
 tained, had not sufficient judgment to dis-
 tinguish between what really deserved praise
 and what did not, and that where they
 had the hardiness to decide upon the
 merits of literature, it was notorious to all
 men of sense, that they were wrong in nine-
 teen instances out of twenty—Here said he
 is a striking illustration of what I have ad-
 vanced, pulling a pamphlet out of his
 pocket, and handing it to the listener, that
 is, said he, an Essay on the necessity of new
 modelling the penal laws, allowed to be
 written with great spirit and information; it
 has

has been published these six weeks, and how many impressions do you imagine has been sold? The fellow-labourer on Parnassus answered, perhaps a thousand—But six copies, as I am a living man, replied the Author with great vociferation; but damme why should I complain?—The public taste is vitiated, and like a sickly appetite, has no relish for any composition that is not seasoned high with defamation or indecency—nothing but trash or mad reflections upon civil Liberty*—The press is prostituted, but zounds, what signifies, PETER, it will be all one a hundred years hence—so here's to you, added he, seizing a pot of *Calvert's* porter from the waiter, with a mantling cauliflower head, which

* When Mr. BURKE issued his heterogeneous pamphlet upon the glorious *revolution* of *France*, his better genius forsook him—I understand that Mr. PAYNE, Mrs. MACAULEY, Mrs. BERBAULD and others, are preparing answers, in order to refute his false positions—Such toil is unnecessary to overthrow a rhapsody of contradictions, where, if the tendency can be developed, it is to enchain mankind!—Can contempt restrain her emotions, or indignation his arm, on hearing an individual prate about the almost *divine* right of nobles, and the unlimited homage due to the ludicrous pride of birth, who emerged upon society, like a *fungus* from an Irish

which this great man in the paroxysm of of his vexation, dispatched at one draught, with the ease and adroitness of a thirsty Chairman in July—EDWIN's attention was now diverted by the entrance of three more members, who were quickly followed by others, when each having taken his place at the Table, the Chairman proceeded to state the deficiency of the reckoning at the last meeting: the names of the several defaulters being called over in order, each man deposited the sum demanded, until it came to Mr. MACWHITTLE's turn to pay, when he perceived with some marks of concern a palpable struggle in his countenance, between his pride and his poverty, the cause of which EDWIN suspected to be an inability to

Irish ditch?—His pamphlet is, like the states of Brobdingnag and Lilliput, full of high and low figures—similies that have majesty without application, and others which would dishonor the imagination of a fishwoman—In short, if the elements of the work in question are the leading principles of government by which Mr. BURKE is now directed, his mind must have been wonderfully regenerated; or otherwise, he has been for many years buoyant upon the rough seas of legislation, like a political waterman, looking one way and rowing another—playing a serious jest with the three kingdoms, and abridging the genial influence of faith in society.

liquidate the demand, and a strong sense of shame in acknowledging his necessity; the conjecture was right, for pulling the player by the sleeve he whispered in his ear, that he should be for ever obliged to him for the loan of half a crown, as in changing his cloaths, he had unfortunately left his purse behind him—upon which EDWIN nimbly slipped the money into his hand, and he instantly discharged the arrears, with all the confidence of a man, who had the wealth of Cræsus at his disposal—This necessary business adjusted, the conversation took a general turn, until Mr. STAYTAPE (who I was informed had been formerly a Taylor, but becoming a bankrupt, and not being able to re-establish his credit with his woollen draper, had lately commenced Author) observed with some degree of acrimony, that the last new Comedy of *the Triumph of Fashion*, was the most absurd composition that ever disgraced a Theatre; that probability and common sense were violated in every scene, the plot-puerile—the dialogue common place, and the whole business, in short, a compound of nonsense, that

degraded

degraded the British drama; and Mr. STAYTAPE would have pursued this vein of satire farther, but for the interposition of a tallman who sat opposite to him, dressed in a coat that they might perceive had been once black, but which had suffered considerably from the inroads of time—a wig nearly hairless, and without powder, and a coloured handkerchief tied close round his neck, which as his coat was buttoned to the top, seemed to answer the double purpose of shirt and neckcloth—he had a fallow complexion, dark bushy eye-brows, a large roman nose, and a mouth of such prodigious magnitude, that when he opened it to speak, it appeared, added to the grim ferocity of his countenance, like the mask of a Lion, carved at the head of a first rate man of war. When this terrific son of Hibernia (for the strong brogue upon his tongue would have done honor to the echoes of Kilkenny) heard Mr. STAYTAPE's remarks, assuming a look of extreme indignation, he replied, “and is that your opinion friend? if it is, and that you are serious, give me *lave* to tell you, that you know nothing at all of the matter—

What

What d'ye think now my jewel, when I assert that the piece is quite the reverse of all you have been saying upon the subject—The plot is a fine plot, and does the Author particular credit; the characters are all drawn more natural than even life itself honey; and as for the language, by my own soul myself does not know that I ever heard prettier—So take a fool's advice now, be *asy*, and never open your mouth in future, to be prating about nothing at all dy'e see—A blunder, a blunder, roared STAYTAPE with exultation. Whereabouts is the blunder? cried the Irishman—I'll be judged by the company, rejoined STAYTAPE; here's a pretty fellow to correct me that cannot speak English with propriety—Correct you, *arrab* by my soul will I, bellowed the bard from *Ballinastoe*, you concated son of a cucumber, and I dare say you'll be the better for it as long as you live. I'll teach you to talk to a *jonlman* like me, you scoundrel, said he, lifting up an arm, as stout and muscular as the extremity of the pagan thunderer, and aiming a blow at the head of the pert critic, which had it taken

taken place, would perhaps have destroyed his seat of understanding completely, by ending all his mortal cares; but this bloody catastrophe was fortunately prevented by the interference of the company, who appeased the choler of the Hibernian, by promising that Mr. STAYTAPE should make him ample amends by publickly asking pardon, to which measure the Irishman acceded, and poor STAYTAPE was in consequence dragged from under the table, to which place he had retreated to avoid the fury of his assailant—It was impossible for the pencil of *Carivegio* or *Da Vinci*, to exhibit a more rueful figure, than that which the crest fallen commentator appeared, when compelled by his fears to ask forgiveness for delivering an opinion, which according to his own judgment and belief, was strictly consonant to truth—Matters being thus brought to an accommodation, the glass circulated pretty briskly, when the Chairman proposed their drinking the following sentiment: “encouragement to Genius, and confusion to booksellers,” which was echoed round the table, and
drank

drank with particular avidity—After this sentiment, the company were unanimous in calling for a song from Mr. BAREBONES, who, EDWIN was assured, was a very ingenious man, and an adept in the pleasing art of song writing, a compiler of magazines, and death hunter in ordinary to three of the most popular morning papers—Mr. BAREBONES being knocked down for his ditty, agreeable to the language of those convivial meetings call'd clubs, after some hesitation, and many apologies for his hoarseness, favored the company with that sublime, beautiful and facetious composition, well known by the title of *Nib's Pound*, which he executed in a rich stile of humour, for the possession of which he was indebted to the good fortune of receiving the first rudiments of his education in the purlieus of broad St. Giles's—When this bastard of Apollo had finished, the whole company rose, as if by some sudden impulse of attraction, directing their eyes towards the door—EDWIN was at some loss to account for this general motion, until he perceived a lusty man approach the table, with an

air of prodigious self-importance ; he appeared to be bordering upon fifty ; with a well-fed, florid countenance, and dressed in a bushy wig, great coat and boots—As he drew near the table, every eye was eagerly employed to meet his, which, when they were so fortunate as to effect, they made their obeisance in postures, which manifested the most abject humiliation—an honour to which the stranger seemed to pay even not the most distant attention—Imagining this to be some great man, at the head of the republic of letters, the dramatic visitor inquired his name, when Mr. BOWLES informed him, that he was a wealthy bookseller, who had almost every individual in company employed in his service, compiling, composing, translating, copying or printing—As soon as the company had drank to the health of Mr. JACKSON, the new guest, he proceeded to acquaint them with the motives of his visit : he began with the president, whom he accused of ingratitude and drunkenness in terms of great severity, for not coming near his house during the space of nine days, though he had
signed

signed his bail bond, for twenty three pounds seven shillings and sixpence, and kept him out of the jaws of a prison. He informed the Irishman, that the history of England, which he had undertaken to write for a certain sum, and which JACKSON was then publishing in numbers, did not sell. That the work lay in his shop unasked for, though he clapped *the seventeenth edition* in the title page; and that unless he could think of some expedient to promote the sale, he must drop the undertaking. The Irishman in consequence proposed to alter the face of the effort, make the matter more brilliant, change the name of the author, and republish, and support it by high-seasoned puffs in all the papers of the day. JACKSON seemed to relish the proposal, as bearing a prospect of success, and commissioned the author to expedite his plan as fast as possible—He complimented STAYTAPE on the success of an essay of his in favour of suicide, by which he acquainted the company he had got more in two months than by all the sermons he had published for the last seven years, excepting those of an Anabaptist and a field preacher—a chasm in

the discourse happening to take place, MACWHITTLE ventured to ask JACKSON, what he thought of publishing a poem—the bookseller enquired the subject, which MACWHITTLE told him was moral, and thought by those who had perused it, to be his *chef d'œuvre*—when JACKSON exclaimed, oh damn your moral poems, the sale of the best does not pay the expence of printing, nobody reads morality now but madmen and methodists—indeed if your subject had been political, and decorated with some artful strokes of treason, or if it consisted of lewd anecdotes, and established matters of scandal, I don't know but I might have become a purchaser, but as it is, I must beg to be excused.—Upon which, taking his hat, he rose from the table with much gravity, and wishing the company a good evening, departed, but not before the Irishman had lain him under contribution for half a guinea, and the president for five shillings, which he lent with evident marks of reluctance and ill will. He had scarce shut the door, when every tongue modulated, and every mouth uttered, “what an insolent scoundrel!”—Their unmanly obsequiousness

ness while JACKSON was present, and their unnecessary rudeness on his departure, so far disgusted EDWIN, that he contrived to steal out of their company unperceived—paid somewhat more than his share of the reckoning at the bar, and went home to ruminate upon the endless vicissitudes which checquer our frail existence.

When EDWIN first arrived in the metropolis, he wrote a letter to Mr. HEATON's prompter, to which he had not received an answer—The procrastination made him uneasy—The player had been his friend, but the obligation was forgot*—Among the little violations

* Instances of gratitude do the perpetrator honor—When COLONEL BELLINGHAM of the county of Lowth, in Ireland, was about eighteen years of age, he disagreed with his family, and in consequence, walked up to Dublin, and in a fit of desperation enlisted in the service of the East India Company as a private soldier—The party was instantly ordered to Cork for embarkation—When they arrived at Callon in the county of Kilkenny, Mr. BELLINGHAM was much fatigued, he sought for a bed and refreshment, but the country people having an extraordinary antipathy to the army, he could not procure either, and was on the point of desponding, when a poor fellow

lations of social propriety, not answering a letter of amity may be classed as principal.

The benefit which comes unexpectedly, comes with ineffable grace—EDWIN received a letter, not from the communicator of heroics, but from Mr. HEATON himself—it contained the offer of an instantaneous engagement, with a certain salary of fifteen shillings weekly, and what was more conciliating to a young mind, an unlimited choice of parts—The threats of hunger in perspective, and the gratification of his ambition,

named TIM KELTY, who overheard his intreaties, desired Mr. BELLINGHAM to accompany him to his cabin, where he boiled a piece of salted pork and potatoes to satisfy his hunger, and gave him his own bed for the night, while KELTY and his wife slept upon some straw—In the morning they gave their military guest some new-laid eggs, bestowed their benediction, and all parties separated with tears in their eyes—During a residence of twenty years in India, Mr. BELLINGHAM by his merits rose to the rank of Colonel, and acquired an independent fortune—When he returned to Ireland, the first thing he did was to search after his poor benefactor and his wife; but alas, TIM had departed from his mortal ambition, two years previous to the Colonel's arrival, who settled a handsome annuity upon the poor fellow's widow.

rekindled

rekindled the cooling embers of dramatic soliciude—The aukward position of his affairs required dispatch—He mused and he meditated, till at length, putting three crowns every seven days in the scale of his judgment against law, physic and divinity, the learned professions kicked the beam, and EDWIN reclaimed his scenic honors at Bewdley.

During the comedian's progress from London to Bewdley, he journied with a shrewd old codger, who appeared in some degree attached to the theatric tyro, and gave him the following important cautions, as mental armour against the impositions of humanity.

SOCIAL BEACONS.

When you hear a man talk much about his honor, or a woman about her chastity, be assured that both have been doubted.

When you cheapen an article in a warehouse, be assured that the dealer is labouring to prove what his commodities *are not*, not what *they are*.

When you see a man carrying a child, and his wife frutting unencumbered, it is a province to a Seville orange, that he is *not* the father.

When any offer you a benefit, incontinently accept it, as the desire to render you service will not increase with your merit !

When your friend avers his love is beautiful, see the object before you give him credit, as beauty is more often in the eye of the lover than the person of the beloved.

When you are smote by a seeming calamity, do not droop, as the greatest felicities often originate in torment,

Never go to law—take physic—argue upon faith—tell lies, or sleep upon your back.

In Bewdley, he reassumed the honors of his avocation—strutted away his hour—was the lieutenant colonel of the *Thespian* association—and considered by his listening friends, like the disembarked crusaders in the days of the Second RICHARD, more valuable and more to be requested in consequence of his recent migration.

When the voluptuous city of Bath had its pleasures curtailed by the death of ARTHUR, the low comedian—Mr. LEE, the manager, roved in imagination about the three kingdoms for an adequate successor—Various objects presented themselves to his mind's eye, but none passed the ordeal of his judgment unquestioned but EDWIN—A
letter

letter was instantly dispatched to Bewdley, containing the offer of handsome terms; and EDWIN, flattered by the proposal to succeed so great and estimable a man, gave in his resignation to Mr. HEATON—Paid his bill with punctuality—Shook hands with all the gentlemen, and kissed all the ladies of the company—found his heart lighter upon his left rib by seven ounces, three penny-weights and six grains—Leapt into a machine that was crossing the country to Marlborough—Dined at the Devizes, and supped at the Bear, Cheap-street, Bath, October the 2d, 1768.

The first character he assumed on the Bath stage was *Perriwinkle* in the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, on the seventh of the same month; and the second, *Sir Harry Sycamore*, in *The Maid of the Mill*; and so nearly perfect was he in both, that notwithstanding ARTHUR had been a great favourite with the critics of Somersetshire, EDWIN was received with evident marks of attention and applause—The part of *Patty* was then enacted, by Mrs. MAHON, now the wife of JOHN PALMER,

MER, Esq. Comptroller-General of the Post-Office.

It was at this æra, that he became first acquainted with Mrs. WALMSLEY, who was then a reputable millener in Horse-street—The consequences of this connection are too well known to make a recital here necessary--

As EDWIN had now procured a fixed place of residence, his curvettings as an erratic, were more circumscribed---He had a prescribed duty to perform, which he performed well---I must imagine, from events, that this gentleman was goaded by Ambition's keenest spur---and his action must have been equal to the impulse, as he evidently reached the summit---Individuals thus *gifted* and thus *rewarded*, create an instance from which polished Society may proudly triumph over Barbarism—it is in the perfection of Science, and not the amendment of Morals, that this advantage is established.

CÆSAR had his *Lieutenants*, and LEE his *aids*—*aids* most glorious—EDWIN did his

his best—that is, all that can be done by inestimable talent—

I have heard EDWIN (when summing up the measure of his temporal felicities) declare, that it was on the twenty-fifth of December, in that year, when his faculties were more harmonized by the concurring events of fortune operating upon a young mind unblackened by the tints of guilt, than at any other period of his being—A well selected party of guileless friends had met in domestic triumph, to celebrate the divine mission of the MESSIAH!—circling the festive board, they gave themselves to the embraces of Innocence and Festivity—their mirth was hallowed by their faith, and an impulse more than human, touched the chords of sensibility with supreme bliss.

In my feeble opinion, the first grand inroad of mortal perdition will be evinced, by the appearance of social contumacy on an anniversary so pregnant with eventual benefit as CHRISTMAS DAY.

How



How this important epoch should be passed by CHRISTIANS, is sufficiently obvious,—with exultation and with gratitude, with *Piety* springing from the Heart, with the sigh of silent *Joy*, with *Rapture* smilingly in *Tears*.

For the different *Seëts* of CHRISTIANITY here at least are unanimous—in the recollection of the *day* that brought the *best Blessing* into the World—the *Redeemer* of miserable *man*.

“ Who touch’d the film that clogg’d the visual ray,”

“ And on the sightless eye-ball pour’d the day.”

The infinite diversity of opinions among us, is by the Philosopher considered as the innumerable branches of one vast *ocean*, intersected by various lands, and discriminated by opposing peculiarities.

We should distrust our *own* opinions, did they not teach us UNIVERSAL CHARITY.

To those who unfortunately think not with any of the above, over whom this day passes with no *exulting emotions*, I yet wish to press one short reflection, by which, even
to

to *them*, this day may be productive of *peculiar good*—Separate as it is from *noise* and from *business*, let it be devoted to retrospect upon the YEAR that is about to *pass away*—upon time, which memory has marked with *unmerited mercies*—upon a period in which much must be regretted—Thus even the UNBELIEVER may participate the blessing, if retrospection convince him of the *necessity* of VIRTUE to HAPPINESS—If, by thus pondering, his *Life* should aspire to *Moral Purity*, he will not be very *far* from the *best* parts of a *Religion* that inculcates the most wide and unbounded philanthropy for every thing that exists.

In 1770, EDWIN, EGAN, and SUMMERS, went to Bristol Fair, and the following bill lying upon the table at the *Bush Tavern*, the oddity of the contents induced them to pay Mr. COOKE a visit.

COOKE'S GRAND MEDLEY,

By his MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

At the Theatre Royal, the Fourteen Stars,

DURING the Time of the FAIR.

The Great CROKOMONOCO, will
open his Mouth wide, and Swallow the Great

AGERABEECO.

Four

Four and Twenty of his Majesty's Company of Comedians, will inhanulate a Droll, called a

PATCH FOR ALL FLAWS;

The Querimaniums Actors will move a Minuet Della Court,

Tumbling by a Gemini of Dexterous Fellows,

Singing by a Young Lady from Madame

Venus's Boarding School.

The Budget will be open'd by some of the best actors, from most of the Theatres Royal in Great Britain.

Pit and Boxes to be laid together at two-pence a piece, the phlebein Gallery one penny.—The Candles to be snuff'd by Sig. Snufem, for his own Diversion.

Nothing under full price will be taken, nor any Person admitted but in full dress.

A good Fire is provided for the imatilick Constitutions.

We begin to perform exactly when the grand Band of Musick opens.

The *Medley* did not terminate much to the honor of Mr. COOKE—*Crokomonoco* and *Agerabeeco* were both impostors—The *Patch for all Flaws*, was nothing more than a full purse, and the *young Lady from Venus's Boarding School*, sung very like a bird called a crow!

After this, they proceeded to see a tawny Lion from Bombay, and two wild cats from Abyssinnia. While they viewed these prodigious animals, a fellow with but one eye, and

and the hinder part of his wig before, entertained them with *Handel's Water-piece* upon a salt box!—

When they had taken their peep and were satisfied, a consultation was held as to the propriety of immediately returning to Bath, and as EDWIN was giving his opinion, a dreadful, grating, thundering crash burst upon their confounded senses—This harsh salute issued from the throat of an old brazen trumpet, which a varlet, with the portrait of a gridiron on his breast, was blowing immediately behind them, and so loud that it seemed like a rehearsal of the Clarion's deepest tone, before the day of Judgment—the summons had its effect—They all instantly turned round, and discovered several gaudy ladies and gentlemen in Roman shapes, and European habits, arranged in a temporary gallery; and inviting all around them to enter the booth and see wonders, wonders, and wonders—On a board in the front was written in large characters,

JOBSON'S

JOHNSON'S COMICAL FAMILY,
OR ALL THE WORLD IN A NUT SHELL.

When they had paid their three-pence each, and taken their seats on some wooden benches unplanned, flanked with three Welch girls from Monmouth on the right, and two drunken colliers from Kingswood on the left, the attending musician began, and the varied clamours of the loft in some degree subsided—That the triumvirate might not be in total want of temporal comforts, EDWIN carried some brandy in a pint bottle, and EGAN some sea biscuits—The fable gentlemen on their left vociferously thundering, “dom un why don’t un begin?”—Mr. JOHNSON thought it expedient to comment the drollery, and in obedience to his behest, a bell was rung and the *dramatis personæ* hurried to their several stations—When the filthy tormentor of catgut had scraped a few bars of that favorite jig of Amphion’s, commonly called the *Black Joke*, the following singular colloquy began.

FIDDLER,

FIDDLER.

Mr. PUNCH, Mr. PUNCH, why don't you come, you handsome, agreeable dog, the ladies have been impatient this half hour?

PUNCH. (to be spoken nafully)

(From behind the Scences)—Tell the dear creatures Mr. FIDDLER, I'll be with them as soon as I'm drest—Zounds you would not have a gentleman come among the ladies, as Adam did into the Orchard, without his finall cloaths—Hey, you comical dog—Look here! I'm as naked as Truth, and as straight as a whipping post!

FIDDLER.

But why Mr. PUNCH do you put on your waistcoat before your shirt? it is the fashion in Somersetsshire, to put on the shirt first.

PUNCH. (from behind the scenes)

Oh! I have a reason for that!

FIDDLER.

A reason have you, pray what is that, Mr. PUNCH?

PUNCH.

Why, you fool, I've none to put on—

FIDDLER.

Very cogent and fatisfactory indeed—

Enter PUNCH (cocking his right leg before him, singing) tol, lol, de rol, lol, lol, lardee; tol, lol, lol, lol, lardee—whguee, whgee, whguee.

FIDDLER.

Why Mr. PUNCH, you are quite merry to-day.

PUNCH.

Yes, you fool, I'm as merry as nine beef-steaks—and why should not I, hey Mr. FIDDLER!—I can pay scot and lot—swallow a bullet, and defy the devil.

FIDDLER.

Where have you been Mr. PUNCH—on your travels I suppose—to find the head of the Nile, eat a lion, and kick possibility?

PUNCH.

No, you fool, I've been to the wars.

FIDDLER.

To the wars, Mr. PUNCH! well, and what did you do there?

PUNCH.

I kill'd a man!

FIDDLER.

Kill'd a man, pray how did you do that Mr. PUNCH?

PUNCH.

How! why I cut off his leg.

FIDDLER.

Cut off his leg—that is a queer way of killing a man Mr. PUNCH, but why didn't you cut off his head?

PUNCH.

PUNCH.

Oh! I've a reason for that.

FIDDLER.

What reason, Mr. PUNCH?—

PUNCH.

Why, you fool, his head was off before—tol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lardee—Mr. FIDDLER, do you know that I'm very *lemancholy*?

FIDDLER.

I am very sorry to hear that, Mr. PUNCH.

PUNCH.

You sorry!—you be d—d.—D'ye hear is my phyfic ready?

FIDDLER.

What phyfic, Mr. PUNCH?

PUNCH.

What phyfic, you blockhead! why the phyfic I ordered from my chymist's in *nubibus*—the elixir of felicity, and balsam of *badinage*.

During this part of the polite dialogue, between PUNCH and the FIDDLER, the dramatic knot were taking each a bumper of *l'eau-de-vie*, and EDWIN, who had made a few inroads upon sobriety, hearing PUNCH ask for phyfic, thought he could not do

him a greater favour, than by offering him opportunely, a dram of coniac—thus resolved, he addressed the wooden chief.

EDWIN.

Pray Mr. PUNCH, will you do me the honour to accept a toothful of brandy?

PUNCH.

You, and pray who the devil are you?

EDWIN.

It is the very best fort I assure you, I bought it not an hour since, at the Greenman and still, in High street—

PUNCH.

Pooh, pooh, pooh, friend, I have better spirits of my own.

EDWIN.

Better spirits Mr. PUNCH? give me leave to say Sir, that is impossible—but may I make so bold as to ask, *who is your distiller?*

PUNCH.

FUN, are you answered my dear?—tol, lol, de rol, lol, lardee.

FIDDLER.

Don't affront your best friends Mr. PUNCH,

PUNCH

PUNCH.

Shut your mouth, you fool, and keep your belly warm
---are all my things ready for the ball this evening---my
rainbow coloured coat, my wooden hose, and my double
breasted wig ?---he, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha, oh dear, oh
dear, oh dear.

FIDDLER.

Why you are very Jocosé, all on a sudden Mr. PUNCH
---what is the matter ?

PUNCH.

The best joke imaginable: do you know, Mr. FIDDLER,
I had but one shirt in the world, and as my wife JONY was
holding it this morning before the fire, it fell in and was
burnt---why don't you laugh now you stupid hound ?

These words were scarcely delivered by
the pliant jaws of poor PUNCH, when a
black gentleman entered the lists, whom
they were given to understand was no less
a hero than the devil himself---A conflict
ensued, and PUNCH did his best---But alas,
he could not compete with the Prince of
Darkness---To be brief, his Satanic majesty
seized his wooden prey, and giving a sort of in-
fernal whiz, vanished into regions beyond
mortal ken! To remove the impressions of

melancholy from the afflicted audience, Mr. JOBSON deputed a red haired spinster about fourteen years old, to amuse them with balancing three unsheathed swords upon her comely nose with the points downward.

The *bonne bouche* was kept for the last—it was a regular drama, entitled,

The SIEGE of TROY.

Dramatis Personæ.

Hector	Mr. Merryman.
Achilles	Mr. Andrew.
Physician	Mr. Jobson.
O'Driscoll	Mr. Murphy.

The curtain was drawn up, and the Grecian camp discovered—when a large party of Greeks and Trojans entered from the opposite wings — Hector, Achilles and O'Driscoll were animated, the rest were very handsomely fashioned out of pieces of paste-board, and appeared full as majestic as the supernumeraries of the metropolitan theatres — When

—When Hector and Achilles had shaken hands, both stript to their shirts to decide which was the better man—After some pugilistic manœuvres which would not have disgraced JOHNSON, the sturdy son of Thetis struck the branch of Priam in the *bread basket* by a straight forward blow, and brought his adversary to the ground—O'Driscol, distracted at his friend Hector's overthrow, thus bellowed for assistance—

O'DRISCOL.

A doctor, a doctor, ten pound for a doctor!

Enter PHYSICIAN—

PHYSICIAN.

Here am I!

O'DRISCOL,

What can you cure?

PHYSICIAN.

The cramp, the gout, the pain within and the pain without!

O'Driscol.

O, boderation to your nonsense—can you bring a dead man to life again?

PHYSICIAN.

Oh marry, that I can—take a little of my tip-tap, put it on your nip-nap, now rise up flasher and fight again

After this skilful administration, Hector leapt from the stage upon his legs—cut a few capers—made a faraband, and was carried off in triumph—This event concluded the variegated performance—

As EDWIN's pecuniary resource was then only thirty-five shillings weekly, he was obliged to be somewhat oeconomical in the expenditure—but his ambition was cherished by public encouragement, and he confidently looked forward to a time when his ability to be generous should be equal to his wishes—*

Though

* As the movements of eminent individuals are worth a record, I have subjoined a *Play Bill* which will indubitably prove a treat to the curious in general, and the *Drama-loving* part of society in particular. It displays the vicissitudes of existence, and proves, agreeably to the letter of Holy Writ, that the *last shall be first*—The leading personages are Mrs. SIDMONS and Mr. JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE. The circumstances occurred *twenty-three*

Though his means were restricted, his merits were not—he felt himself blissful, because he had the power to satisfy both the audience and his generalissimo—he bore the incumbent

three years since, when the heads of that *fortunate* if not *felicitous* family, were paying their devoirs to *Melpomene* under the auspices of their migrating father, who may feel some pride at being the parent of such a son and daughter; for though I do not altogether subscribe to the means which they have practised to subdue competition, and establish their own particular authority, I certainly consider them as beings higher gifted than the ordinary members of human nature.

The following is the *fac simile* of a Play Bill in which Mrs. SIDDONS was announced to *Sing!* the wonderful JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE to enact the *Duke of York*, and Mrs. TWISS, the *Duke of Gloucester*—

“ We know what we are, but we know not
“ What we may be.”

Those were the days of *family humiliation*—ere the hero had been irradiated by the precepts of a Flemish College, or the heroine uplifted by the contributions of the *avangling Bar*. The applause of a Clown was then acceptable, because the approbation denoted that Six-pence more was added to the general stock—the hisses of a Clown were not resisted, because those hisses were *then* supposed to issue from prerogative.

WORCESTER,

incumbent weight of his duty like a young Atlas, and though his assumption of comic character was nearly general, the execution was too congenial to his faculties to give pain.

WORCESTER, February 12, 1767.

Mr. Kembles, company of Comedians.

At the Theatre at the King's Head, this evening, will be performed a Concert of music, to begin exactly at six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the usual Places.

Between the Parts of the Concert will be presented, *gratis*, A celebrated Historical Play (*never performed here*) called

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The Characters to be dressed in Antient Habits, according to the fashion of those times.

The part of King Charles, Mr. Jones ;

Duke of Richmond, Mr. Siddons ;

Marquis of Lindsay, Mr. Salisbury ;

Bishop Juxon, Mr. Fowler ;

General Fairfax, Mr. Kemble ;

Colonel Ireton, Mr. Crump ;

Colonel Tomlinson, Mr. Hughes ;

The part of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Vaughan ;

Servant, Mr. Butler ;

James Duke of York (afterwards King of England),

Master J. Kemble.

The Duke of Gloucester (King Charles's younger Son),

Miss Fanny Kemble ;

Serjeant Bradshaw (Judge of the pretended High Court of Justice) Mr. Burton ;

The Young Princess Elizabeth, Miss Kemble ;

Lady

In June 1775, he was engaged to play at FOOTE's Theatre in the Hay Market, at a salary of three pounds per week, and in the latter part of that month, made his first professional bow to a London Audience, in the part of *Flaw*, in FOOTE's Comedy of the *Cozeners*—His success in this attempt did not equal the expectation of his friends

Lady Fairfax, Mrs. Kemble;

The Part of the Queen, Mrs. Vaughan.

Singing between the Acts by Mrs. Fowler and Miss Kemble.

To which will be added a Comedy, called

THE MINOR.

And on Saturday next, the 14th inst. will be again presented the above Tragedy, with a Farce that will be expressed in the Bills for the day.

* * * The days of Performance are Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

The incidental variations of this Theatric progeny should operate to good purposes—the banishment of despair from the bosoms of the *meanest* of the *Thespian Corps*. Who is more circumstantially trodden down than this progeny were? who is more magnificently enthroned than this progeny are? While Hope has existence in the human mind, the chequered progress of the KEMBLEs may be brought forward to exemplify her tacit dogmas.

at Bath—The second part he perpetrated in the local head of Britain, was *Jobson* in the *Devil to Pay*—in this character his latent greatness as a Comedian began to glimmer, and the critics of the day, spoke of him in the language of hope, and Foote approved of his demeanor—but the first time he was uplifted by universal applause, was the succeeding morning after he had played *Billy Button* in the *Maid of Bath*—all the papers of the day registered him a valuable acquisition, and what was before doubtful, now became established—

He finished his career at the Hay-market for that season with *eclat*, and returned to his friends in the West with accumulated glory—this was the last season of Foote's management, and when that Theatre with its concomitant appurtenances, were transferred to the *Elder* COLMAN, the lively subject of this memoir was included in the transference.

In the summer of 1776, he repeated his dramatic essays in the metropolis—The
first

first parts he performed under Mr. COLMAN'S management were *Hardcastle*, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *Midas*—Miss FARREN, of Drury Lane Theatre, made her original curtesy to the Town, on the same night, in the Character of *Miss Hardcastle*.

I know there are, who imagine that EDWIN was an indolent man, but whoever have received such an impression upon their thought, were egregiously deceived—His attention to the best Authors in our language was unremitting, and he laboured to mature his knowledge, and his discrimination by every possible method—his attainments were not few, and he positively nourished virtue in his heart, notwithstanding the complexion of his being—But so effectually has malevolence conquered truth, that the morality of a player, like the patriotism of a Lawyer, is almost proverbially problematical—Amid the laugh-creating *literati*, STERNE was the foremost in EDWIN'S esteem—He did not regard.

regard the labours of SWIFT*, with equal reverence—The first he considered as the chaste disciple of Humour, the latter, as the minister of grossness.--The first, by innoxious pleasantry, made us love our fellow creatures:--The latter by filthy ridicule, taught us to despise what was intended by the Creator to be honoured---He thought STERNE made his wit, the harbinger of social good, and SWIFT his ascribed plenitude of lettered might, but the baneful agent to make us disgusted with each other.

* EDWIN and I both agreed with Dr. JOHNSON, and Mr. HERON, that SWIFT was undeserving his great *fame*: a fortunate impostor, who was bolstered up by cotemporary friends, who when they had placed him on stilts, shewed him to society as a great man, though his situation was ridiculous, and his height artificial—The best of his ballads would disgrace the walls of Bedlam, and I am certain from observation, that ninety-nine out of a hundred, who have his works in their libraries, excepting his *Gulliver*, would not be compelled to read his somnific essays, and crazy rhimes for a trifling consideration.—Many writers with infinitely more capacity than SWIFT, who have not mingled with a junto of mutual puffers, have sunk in their graves with inconsiderable notice—He was an imitator of Rubelais, and affected to laugh, when his soul was a stranger to merriment.

In

In the winter of 1777, EDWIN invited BERNARD and BRETT to partake of a barrel of Colchester oysters—Accordingly after the farce, they adjourned to a snug house in the neighbourhood, and began to masticate with great eagerness—at the conclusion EDWIN proposed a parting bottle, (as they had only taken porter with the oysters—) over which they recited a number of comical incidents---They had all three traversed *Judah's Barren Sands*, - *alias* the barren Barns in villages, and stable lofts in rustic Inns---the laugh encreased so much, that a second, third and fourth bottle were introduced before they found BRETT (to use his own phrase) a little rocky, upon which EDWIN ply'd him the faster, and sometimes dashed the grape of Lusitania with some choice old rum---The little gentleman made an excuse to retire for a minute, having left his hat and cane, but finding the street door open, and suspecting their design, he took to his heels and staggered home---Then EDWIN whispered the landlord, and they sat down and carolled at the death of the fourth bottle---The accommodating host returned and told them

them all was ready, and producing his bill, they found the sum required to be nearly twenty shillings—EDWIN swore he had not a farthing in his galligaskins; but give it to BERNARD, said he—"That shabby fellow owes me a couple of guineas these two years, for which he ought to be ashamed—Come pay the landlord, and I'll wipe off the old affair, *entre nous*—" To humour the innocent frolic, BERNARD paid the amount of the bill, and to his great surprise, when they had got outside of the diminutive tavern, found a couple of chairs in waiting—"There, you dog," said EDWIN, "get in—I always take care of my friends—Always see them safe home, for drunk as you are, it is ten to one, but you would stray to some cursed *Violante*, who would rob you of your health and pence without remorse; and then in the morning I should be blamed for your incontinence---They were not carried three hundred yards when a halt was made---Upon BERNARD's asking the reason---"A friend of mine," said EDWIN, "keeps this house, JACK, and I never pass by his door without calling---I'll give you such a

treat you dog---Damme he has such a knack at mulling claret with eggs, you'll find it balsamic---'Twill save you the expence of an apothecary's bill, if you take it often---It is more valuable, you varlet, than the *panacea* of the college, or the brain of Esculapius---" The exhortation had its effect, and in they stumbled, where, with the assistance of the company, they presently dispatched three bottles---" There now, my boy," continued EDWIN, "don't you ever pretend to play cribbage with me again---I did the younker here," said he, "for four bottles, but we'll call to-morrow and take the other; so lay out, Bardolph, lay out"--- Upon BERNARD'S remonstrating, he found the people ripe for rudeness, and therefore paid the bill, which exhausted the very dregs of his purse---They sallied forth again, and in ten minutes were shewn into another receptacle, where EDWIN called away as before---BERNARD whispered his companion upon the impropriety of the measure, and told him the state of his finances--- "Here's a pretty fellow," roared EDWIN, "to come into an elegant house of this kind,

and call for mulled wine without a sous in his pocket---There, said he, putting sixpence upon the table, is my share of the bill, and if he can't pay likewise, charge him with the watch."---To prevent which, BERNARD offered to charge them with *his watch*---But the people at last took his word for ten shillings, and they set out once more with a firm and mutual promise of going immediately home---But the alarm of a watchman's rattle soon disappointed BERNARD'S hopes---EDWIN founded a parley with the nocturnal enemy, and again called a halt; arm in arm they reeled towards the place of action, to know the cause of commotion---The instant EDWIN appeared, the kings of darkness set up a great and general shout---BERNARD would have made his escape, but did not find himself entirely master of his pedal appendages---EDWIN began to play *Dogberry*, and was as rich and irresistibly laughable (BERNARD assured me) as ever he remembered him.

The arrested culprit was an Irish old-cloaths man, and kept a shop of some considerable
con-

consequence---when we joined the cavalcade, he began to tell his story—" Ah you parcel of thieves---let me tell the jonlman how it was." "As for you, Mr. *Seacoal*," interrupted EDWIN, " if you have used this worthy gentleman ill, I will see you punished"— "Oh by J——I am glad I know your name, said PAT; to be sure, Mr. *Sacoal*, you did not cut my face with that ill-looking switch of a staff—but that's neither here nor there, but as I was saying, sir, after bothering all day behind the counter—Oh you noisy vagabonds—well sir, I went to my countrywoman yonder in that filthy passage—Oh may a sweeter scent never come out of her pot on a Christmas day—So says I my darling—for we were both born (your honour) close together, within a gun shot of *Lock Neagh*, not two miles asunder—KATTY, honey says I—her name's KATE DUNNA—hoo your honour—KATTY says I, have you any thing for the tooth—I should like a warm poultice of broth, to draw the hungry humour off my stomach---so KATTY laughed, and told me if I'd go up stairs, she had a bargain for me, so I followed the cra-

ter—and when we got up”—“*Hush,*” said EDWIN, “you must tell me that in private. Gentlemen, said he to the sons of night, I must have a moment’s conversation alone with this disturber of the parish peace, but I leave my friend in pledge till my return;” thus saying, he took PADDY round the corner, and persuaded him to take to his heels—In this interval,—BERNARD found that EDWIN was not only known, but beloved by all these rattle carrying gentry more than ever SHUTER was by the Chimney sweepers—Upon EDWIN returning alone—they asked with much eagerness where the prisoner was? “He is gone home,” said EDWIN, for his great coat—but come, marshal the way to KATTY DUNNAHOO’S, where PADDY is to meet us, and I’ll set this matter to rights”—They were obliged to walk the next stage, as the chairmen, fatigued with their lumber, had given them the slip, and departed with their leathern *palanquin*—upon their arriving at the Irish amazon’s EDWIN assumed, though inebriate, an infinite deal of gravity---he ordered an arm chair, and wearing the wig in which he had played

played *Doctor Rosy*, in Mr. SHERIDAN'S farce of *Saint Patrick's Day*, KATTY at first took him for one of the justices that the watchmen had brought to enquire into the nature of the riot---Upon seeing him she instantly left off swearing, though a greater adept in that science than any other, and dropt a mild curtsy. "Clark," said EDWIN to BERNARD turning his wig---"What says the statute of Reformation made in the reign of old Lear, when night broils were by Somnus considered as treasonous to repose?"---Here BERNARD mentioned a fine that each party were obliged to discharge in an hour after detection---EDWIN then took his M. S. part of *Doctor Rosy* from his pocket, and was proceeding to lay down the law, when unfortunately one of the frozen pimps of Luna called for a glass of juniper, and taking Mrs. DUNNAHOO aside, told her who EDWIN was---upon which she slyly took a small pot of water, and walking demurely up to the great chair, discharged the contents full in EDWIN'S face: "there, Mr. Lawyer, said she, is a proper fee for you, and why you dirty Jack-pudding of a fellow do

you come to game an honest woman in her own house?" she was then proceeding to greater extremities of resentment—But BERNARD interposed, and held her arms behind, while EDWIN very quietly broke with a whanghee cane, all the jugs, basons, bowls, and glasses that hung within his reach—This new injury so enraged the daughter of Ierne that she ran to the end of the passage, and bawled ten thousand murders; upon which another gang of confederated patroles entered the room, but on seeing their common friend EDWIN, shouted with mad satisfaction, like a parcel of Indians, at the eve of a victory—The Lady of the mansion charged EDWIN only, and he charged *her* and BERNARD, then away they set out together for the Watch House, at three o'clock in the morning—but another pot-house presenting a gleam from a melancholy rush-light, it was agreed by all parties to go in there, and talk the business over—there the flip flew about—and in less than half an hour, EDWIN and Katty kissed and were good friends—While the latter sung a song to the

tune

tune of *Sheela na gig*, BERNARD seized the opportunity of getting to the door and escaping---About six o'clock, EDWIN was brought home in triumph---on the watchmens shoulders.

At the commencement of the year 1779, EDWIN and BRETT quitted the Theatre, and rambled as far as the Devizes, where they staid a fortnight—During the progress of this lunatic frolic, they frequently went to the Bear, the principal Inn of the Town, and kept at that time by Mr. LAWRENCE, who was in the habit of amusing his customers of every degree, by reciting select passages from *MILTON's *Paradise Lost*. On their return to Bath, BRETT read an apology from the stage to the audience—As it comprized the language of repentance, the public were not obdurate, and the error was forgiven—When it was EDWIN's turn

* Though VIRGIL and MILTON were both great men, neither of them were godlike men; the mind that is sufficiently servile to imitate, cannot be vigorously creative—I despise imitation even in the highest authorities—Virgil was but the ape of HOMER, and MILTON the monkey of both.

to go on, he affected to treat the affair with indifference, but was called to order by MAJOR BRERETON from the boxes, who insisted upon EDWIN's exhibiting some sign of contrition—this desire becoming general, EDWIN partly complied, but was secretly resolved to quit the spot, where local responsibility was so irksome and reductive.—

It was about this Time that the dreadful contest occurred between the two French Counts, RICE and DU BARRY, who came to Bath, and took a very Elegant House, entirely for the purpose of Gaming—They had a very genteel Equipage, and lived in the Amity of Brothers, and the fatal Catastrophe of DU BARRY did not astonish the world more, than the manner and hurry in which the whole affair was concluded—They had parted friends in the afternoon, and DU BARRY in the course of a few hours found out, or suspected something so much to his own dissatisfaction, and the real or apparent Villainy of his associate, that he called on RICE in a coach about midnight, accompanied by a Surgeon and a Second,
and

and without coming to any explanation, forced RICE to attend him to the fatal spot—upon finding all remonstrance vain, the latter equipped himself and prevailed on a gentleman present to step into the coach, as his friend, and see the matter properly arranged and conducted—They endeavoured to get some explanation from DU BARRY, but without effect—DU BARRY demeaned himself like a lunatic, and wanted to fight as they sat together in the carriage, which of course was strenuously opposed by the Seconds. They arrived on Clerken Down at three o'clock in the morning, and were obliged to separate and walk about until there was light enough to distinguish one object from another—In the horrid interim, DU BARRY swore that one or the other should be left without a soul, and being an excellent shot, made no doubt of annihilating RICE—After the first fire, it was agreed that both parties should draw immediately.—They took their distance at about six paces, in the presence of their Seconds, the Surgeons, Post Boys and some labourers, who were accidentally going

going to their early toil—DU BARRY discharged his pistol first, and shot RICE in the hip—he fell, and DU BARRY instantly drew his sword and was preparing to run him through, when RICE, as he reclined on his elbow, took aim and instantly shot DU BARRY (who was standing over him) through the heart. The wounded Count leaped two or three feet from the ground, and fell dead without a groan. DU BARRY had a post chaise and four waiting for him with what cash he was in possession of, and two sets of diamond buttons he had purposely cut from his cloaths—RICE immediately surrendered himself to justice—was tried at the ensuing Taunton assizes, and honourably acquitted. It is worth a remark, that the only liberty HENDERSON ever took with his author was in playing *Falstaff*, which he performed while DU BARRY lay breathless on the Down; to enforce the impression of that dismal circumstance, he changed the day as thus, in speaking of honour “who hath it? he imprudently said, “the man that fell on Friday last.”

In the course of this season, EDWIN delivered a Comic Lecture three times in the lower rooms of Bath, and twice at Winchester and Southampton.

In the summer of this year, while he was performing at the Hay Market, he received overtures from Mr. HARRIS, of Covent Garden Theatre—The terms offered at first, were four pounds per week; but EDWIN was resolved on having seven pounds, and continuing inexorable, the manager complied, and the object solicited was engaged.

The first scenic personage he represented at Covent Garden, was *Touchstone* in SHAKESPEARE'S beautiful pastoral of *As you Like it*—EDWIN did what he could, but the effort was not entirely satisfactory---He played *Midas* on the same evening, and in that part recovered all the dignity he had forfeited in *Touchstone*---The luminousness of the Prince of Burlettas began to appear, and the public eye dazzled with radiance, before that period unknown.

The

The leading design of Mr. HARRIS in engaging EDWIN, was to do the part of *Punch* in DIBDIN's pantomime of *Harlequin Every Where*---a part to which the composer knew no other individual competent!---His vast comic powers were first generally acknowledged in *Master Stephen* in *Every Man in his Humour*---From his fine acting on that night, every thing great was presaged by those whose judgment warranted the encomiums of Renown.

At the conclusion of that season, he made a new engagement with the manager, and was fixed for three years at eight pounds per week*---At the expiration of that term

* Our most eminent performers have originally had small salaries—LEE LEWES went to Covent Garden Theatre in 1776, and had 30s. a week, as Second Harlequin to WOODWARD—QUICK went to the same Theatre in 1767—they were both many years in the house without opening their mouths—LEE LEWES rose to 12l. a week, when he left the Theatre five years ago, and QUICK has now 12 guineas—both these Comedians raised their fame in the Comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*—LEE LEWES's Salary at that period was 3l.---At the end of the season he made application to Mr. COLMAN for an increase of Salary, and asked him for 5l. a week---COLMAN archly replied, Mr. LEWES, you are a very good *Juniper*, but you shall not *jump* quite so high in my Theatre, I assure you!

it

it was increased to twelve, and thus it continued until he was finally called from the great Theatre of existence.

While suavity of manner has a charm--- while the accomplishment of honorable duty is commendatory, shall EDWIN and his merits be remembered with regret---there are not wanting those, who, arguing from malignity and envy, would infer, that his wild graces ought not to have been encouraged—but such wilfully separate the cause and consequence—When diminutive errors are productive of good effects, the error should be noted with charity—EDWIN created a manner which our best actors eagerly imitate, and happy are they who can catch any portion of his excellence, and cast away the alloy of habit—he laid the foundation of a *new school*—

From evil habits, good effects are not unfrequently deducible—It was to the prodigalities of the *Tenth* LEO that we are now obliged for the sublime excellence of Italian Music.---When he wore the papal Tiara, he protected PALESTINA.---PALESTINA was
then

then in *Music* what RAPHAEL was in *Painting*—the founder of a School of Truth—It was LEO's peculiar glory that he had an opportunity of fostering both.—Genius then began to blaze among the *Ultramontane* States---The Houses of MEDICI and MONTEFELTRO caught the liberality of the Holy Father, and gave origin to a consequence for which the Creation is in debt---SCARLETTI, CORELLI, GEMINIANI, and MARTINI.

One of the greatest weaknesses in EDWIN's portrait was, an inordinate desire to be thought a man of gallantry, and this disposition was so apparent, that his brother actors sometimes created a jest at his expence—One of them having heard that a Miss PENELOPE HIGGINBOTHAM, who lived in Bloomsbury, possessed of a small fortune, was a woman of uncommon repulsion in her manners, and had a most insuperable hatred to every thing masculine, contrived to write a letter to EDWIN in her name, signifying that she was enamoured of his person, and requested an immediate interview at her house, at a particular hour in the

the evening—The bait took, and EDWIN evinced by nods, winks and smiles to his companions in the Green Room, that he had an affair on foot, which would awaken envy in the bosom of the eighth HARRY, the finest woman in the world, and all that, while they enjoyed his mistaken vanity in secret—Every one being acquainted with the contents of the letter, offered to engage him to dinner, or on some little party of pleasure; but EDWIN was deaf to their entreaties—The love smitten shepherd was pregnant with the coming transport—In his mind's eye, he beheld that ravager Time, with a scanty lock upon his wrinkled forehead limping with lazy step his prescribed journey towards eternity—At length the horizon became sombrous — The fierce eagle sought his dormitory in the cloud cap rock, and the verdant hills receded from the aching vision—Now, exclaimed the adventuring knight—

“ The moon forlorn forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave;
The mast's tall shadow trembles o'er the deep,
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep:

The

The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose."*

His imagination was full of the beauties of the incognita, and oft he looked at his watch before the hour accorded with his wishes—At length it did; when the expectant youth gaily caparisoned leapt into a coach, and ordered the charioteer to drive him to the vicinity of his angel's residence.

When he made his enquiries, he was not a little amazed to hear that the lady was

* When Mr. MICKLE went to Lisbon for the purpose of translating the favourite poet of Lusitania, the Portuguese received him with every mark of respect; but when they discovered that he could not maintain a colloquy in the language, their politeness sickened into contempt, until some English residents of character, who had read a part of his M. S. with approbation, assured them that it was very possible for a man to translate a language faithfully, who could not reduce it with aptitude to the common concerns of life; as has frequently been the case with the translators of the classics—But after the translation of the *Lusiad* had made its appearance, he accompanied COMMODORE JOHNSTON to the Portuguese capital, and was received, even by the Royal Family, with attentions bordering upon national gratitude.

distinguished by the coarse appellation of JACK HIGGINGBOTHAM—But this did not retard his desires—He walked boldly up to the door, and knocked with the confidence of success—The gentle lady was a *unique* in nature—She eschewed lasciviousness, and looked at the male gender with as much antipathy as a Goth beheld the instruments of Taste—Her juices were so much soured, that the sun-beam could not heighten their acidity—She thought man a monster, and procreation a curse—When he was ushered into the parlour, he found his divine charmer to be on the wrong side of sixty—Somewhat less than an elephant, and arrayed in a flowered sattin, which had probably been manufactured in the days of Elizabeth—The capacity of her mouth was only limited by her ears; and she held a diminutive white spaniel in her lap, which ever and anon, she kissed with ardour; though each embrace threatened the absorption of the animal, and seemed like the salute of love from a conger eel to a cockle—Her hands were of the colour of olives, except the extreme muscles of her fore-finger and

thumb, which were tinted with the deepest dyes of mahogany—This portion of her personal beauty was artificial, and acquired by the frequent use she made of those ready agents to convey loads of rappee to her aquiline *proboscis*—When he had unfolded the nature of his visit, she eyed the comedian with a sort of hungry fury; and looked as pleasant as the Cumean Sybil, when Futurity depicted the Messiah—Her vocal tones were horridly preternatural, and sounded like the grating of a door or the east wind in a cranny—Ringing the bell she summoned two antient Abigails to her aid, almost as lovely in person as herself—But the fortitude of the minstrel forsook him, when he saw her seize the poker and whisper her desires---He instinctively turned towards the door, which fortunately was left open, and fearing a second edition of the Thracian catastrophe, ran or rather tumbled into the street with the celerity of a greyhound, and never stopped to look behind him until he got to the steps of Saint George's church, where he sat himself

down---took off his hat, and fanned his alarmed pulses into a state of temperature.

The embarrassments of ridicule, are embarrassments not easily subdued * —the

Some years ago, when Mr. FULKE GREVILLE was paying his addresses to Miss MACARTNEY, and Mr. WELBORE ELLIS to Miss STANHOPE, it was agreed by all the parties, who then lived in habits of confidence, to take an airing in Saint James's park--when they had seated themselves upon a bench in the mall, a little woman, evidently intoxicated, reeled towards the polite assemblage, and insisted upon kissing Mr. ELLIS---this circumstance at first only tended to create mirth in all except Mr. ELLIS himself, who being, though young, of a saturnine disposition, he repelled the woman's freedom with marks of haughty disgust—however, she was not to be diverted from her purpose so readily, but pursued her odd request, until a general embarrassment was the consequence—At length a lusty elderly man appeared who knew the woman, when Mr. ELLIS intreated him for the love of God, to take the creature away—But the inebriate female persisting in her strange determination, the old man exclaimed with much *sang froid*, “Why lo!d help you Mrs. JONES, you are surely mad, you can't — the gentleman, indeed the gentleman if he pleases may — you”—this speech clenched the whole affair—it was too much for the tolerance of common delicacy, and the Ladies and Gentlemen instantly scudded through the stable yard, outwardly chagrined, and inwardly diverted!

comic issue of this adventure, was soon circulated in the green room, and EDWIN was not a little mortified to discover, that the whole affair had been dramatised before the regular performance!

While EDWIN was at breakfast, in the second year of his residence in London, the following melancholy adventure occurred—He was accosted in a very extraordinary manner by a young Woman of much personal beauty, but in apparent distress—The spirit of the request was involved in a wish, through his supposed interest to get an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre—After excusing himself on the score of inability, the fair suppliant told her tale—She had been seduced by some miscreant, under a promise of marriage—when she proved pregnant, her father cast her on the world, and the author of her misery forsook her—To elude the last extremes of hunger, she joined a strolling company of players, and made her first appearance in *DESDEMONA* in a small town in *Merionethshire*—But her
memory

memory too frequently delineating that pinnacle of blissful innocence from which she had so recently fallen—the weight of her sorrows bruised her understanding—and the consequence was, a discharge upon the score of incapacity.

Before the stricken wanderer took her leave, she *would* display her dramatic powers—The Thespian *mania* is a lunacy of all others the most incurable—The following sublime effusion of the peerless daughter of *Brabantio* was her choice :

“ My mother had a maid call’d BARBARA :
 She was in love, and he she lov’d prov’d mad,
 And did forsake her. She had a song of willow ;
 An old thing it was, but it expressed her fortune,
 And she died singing it. That song to-night
 Will not go from my mind : I have much to do,
 E’en to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it like poor BARBARA.”

When she had finished, her auditor was in tears. He gave her such a trifle as his circumstances warranted—conducted her

with the utmost tenderness to the door, and the affair ended.

It is a point well worth investigation, to inquire whether exquisite sensibility is not fraught with more pain than pleasure—The energies of sense are too often afflictive.

The following letter was written by an unhappy Lady of my acquaintance a few years since to her friend at Bath—

DEAR EMILY,

The various emotions which agitated my distracted soul, have subsided, and I am now calm.—I am alone, and in no danger of interruption; the insignificants that fluttered round me are fled, and their departure gives me no uneasiness.

I am at leisure to consider what I have been, and what I am; admired, applauded, courted;—avoided, despised, pitied.—However, when I take a view of my own heart, the prospect is less gloomy.—I have been incautious, but not abandoned; indiscreet, but not vicious; faulty, but not depraved.

If female virtue consists, as I have sometimes been told in female reputation, my virtue is indeed gone; but if,

as my soberer reason teaches, virtue be independent on human opinion, I feel myself its ardent votary, and my heart is pregnant with its noblest principles. The children of ignorance cannot, and the children of malevolence will not comprehend this ; but I court not their approbation, or fear their vehemence.

My soul, it must be owned, was formed of sensibility ; —formed for all the luxury of the melting passions ; but it is equally true, that the severest delicacy was ever an associate of my mind.—The groves of M—— can witness, that whenever the loves presided at the glorious banquet, the graces were not absent ;—that in the very delirium of pleasure, the extacy was chastened, and the transport was restrained—My understanding was never made procurer to my tender wishes ; nor did I ever call in the wretched aids of a sceptical and impious philosophy to countenance my unhappy fall.—Though nature was my goddess, and my lawgiver, I never dreamt of appealing from the decisions of positive institutions.—My principles were uncorrupted, whilst my heart was warm ; and if I fell a woman, I fell——like Cæsar——with decent dignity.

The despoiler of my nuptial honor is a man, too lovely for resistance---his person is august and his language persuasive---he breathes delight and he communicates rapture ---when he knelt at my feet, I thought the ashes of Adonis were reëmbodied, and the queen of Cyprus forsaken---

“ Then he would talk---good Gods how he would talk!”

But of this enough---I am well aware, the world is not my friend nor the world's law---I neither expect nor desire

The following descriptive severe lines were found among EDWIN'S papers after his decease—While he was living, he never would suffer them to be published; they originated thus.—

its solitudes; it is by nature uncharitable, and was never known to forgive offences of this complexion. My own sex, in particular, are inexorable; for never did female kindness shed a tear of genuine commiseration on misfortunes so intolerable, so accumulated as mine.---The insolent familiarity of some, and the cautious reserve of others; the affected concern, the self-approving condolence, have sufficiently taught me what is to be expected from the amity of woman.---But I have no anxiety on this account. The remainder of my days I have resigned to solitude; and if Heaven will hear my most ardent prayer,---if my pre-faring heart, and declining strength deceive me not, that remainder will not be long; kindred angels shall then receive me into their happiest choirs, though my too discreet sisters in this motley carefraught planet, avoid my company as contagious.---In the mean time, never shall the returning sun gild the roof of my habitation, but I will issue a sigh of deep repentance to the memory of that fatal indiscretion which robbed me of my temporal peace, and gave an innocent and honorable family to the embraces of sublime misery; and when the hour of my delivery comes, if an hoary and offended parent will but take me to his arms, and pronounce my vices forgiven, my heart shall again be sensible of comfort, and roseate joy once more illumine the faded eyes of your deplorable and lost.

Mr.

Mr. PILON having had some unfriendly words with Mr. HARRIS, they had not spoke together for some time—Mr. HARRIS called Mr. LEE LEWES on one side behind the scenes, and with that liberality which has ever distinguished his character, said—“LEWES, what is become of poor PILON?—he is in the King’s Bench, Sir—Poor fellow, tell him if 30 or 40 pounds will be of any service to him, he may draw upon me for it, and further, that I have totally forgot the little dispute we had, and desire him to apply himself to his pen, and my Theatre is always open to him”—LEE LEWES, who was the staunch friend of PILON, took an opportunity one evening in the Green-room, (Mr. D—happening to be present,) to say he was happy to find that Covent Garden Theatre was likely to have something contributory from PILON very soon.—And that Mr. HARRIS and he had made up all differences--when Mr. D--with great significant consequence, replied “Mr. LEWES, if your head never aches until you see a piece of Mr. PILON’s performed at this house, it will

will be very well for you, I can assure you". The Green-room was full, and among them EDWIN—who that night supped with PILON, and told him how LEE LEWES had been defending him against the severity of Mr. D—. *PILON in a rage called for pen and ink, and wrote the following effusion, and

* When I was in Paris in June 1787, I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from Mr. PILON—an invitation to dine with him at the *Hotel D'Yorke*, was the consequence—On the day appointed, I ate at my friend's table, in company with COUNT BASSELLI, DOCTOR MACDONNELL, COLONEL DILLON, CAPTAIN GULSTON, Mr. St. JOHN, and himself—As the Burgundy circulated pretty briskly, PILON soon exhibited signs of being under the sovereignty of the purple god, and soon after was conveyed by his *valet* to bed—The COUNT, CAPTAIN GULSTON and myself, went to the *Beaujalois*, where the Venetian peer invited two elegantly dressed nymphs to sup with him at the Hotel—On our return, the girls were introduced into PILON's bed-chamber, who treated them with every mark of disgust, for it should be known, that the dramatist had a strange idea of the French ladies; at length I recollected how Mr. CAMPBELL of *Bologne* had pleased PILON, by declaring that his features were similar to VOLTAIRE's, and instructed the girls accordingly, and to do them justice, they played their parts admirably—each holding a candle, they drew back the curtains of his bed, and exclaimed to the company present—*Ab mon dieu, voyez Monsieur VOLTAIRE---son nez--- ses yeux---son bouche---son visage*—inebriate as he was, this incense had the

and swore it should be inserted the next day in some of the papers—EDWIN immediately snatched it up, put it in his pocket, and convinced him of the imprudence of making Mr. D—his enemy, when he was reconciled again to Mr. HARRIS.

D— —or D— the Rabbins say,
 May be pronounced in either way,
 Was a fat Critic, lean of Wit,
 As e'er put poet on the Spit,
 All d—d the fool while he had breath,
 God d—d him also after Death
 For had his Saviour deigned to write,
 He'd Judge with cruel HEROD's spite,
 Enjoy his meek Redeemer's pain,
 And nail him on the cross again.

How far the gentleman alluded to deserved this intemperate resentment, I will not determine—Perhaps the antipathy was not warranted by the circumstances.

It
 the desired effect—At the first recognition, his savage prejudices against the girls forsook his eyes—At the second they brightened into symptoms of satisfaction— at the third, glistened with delight, and at the fourth seemed fired with rapture—At this period his discretion left him, for seizing one of the candles, he leapt out of bed, and stalked up and down his own chamber in his shirt, with the dignity of a German general!—When he ceased to parade, we dressed him—gave him some goblets of Champagne, and he strutted out of the Hotel,
 flanked

It was the great VERULAM's idea that man could almost regulate the elements! then why not regulate himself?—

That we are created with the innate power of being happy at will, I am confident, and it is in a general sense, pride and not necessity makes us infelicitous — EDWIN went from the rehearsal a few years since, with the most uncomfortable sensations—The futile cause was, having a dramatic part assigned him, which he imagined not precisely proportioned to his ability—going through Round Court near the Strand, gnashing his teeth and biting his nails, his perturbation was suspended by this event.

RESIGNATION.

“ Green and pretty bow-pots, two a penny—Come buy my bow-pots, ye pretty flanked by the Ladies, with GULSTON's regimental hat on, while I walked before with a brace of loaded pistols, to protect the girls from the violence of GUILLADÉAU, the host, who had a disposition so ruffian-like, that he would have set a large mastiff at the affrighted ladies, if I had not threatened to blow his brains out—in this state we all four got into a *saere*, and spent the remainder of the night in the *Palais royal*.

maids;

maids; ah, God Almighty bless your honor, will you buy a bow-pot for your window—made of the hazel tree, with the nuts placed in order, some lillies of the valley—wild rosemary, and a few violets—” Sung or rather whistled a poor old woman, who offered him the rural *bouquet*, with a look fraught with so much wistfulness, that EDWIN could not refrain from asking her a few questions—

How old are you, my poor woman?

Eighty-five, your honor, next Martlemas—

Where do you live?

—At Finchley, replied the woman,

What is your name?

ANN LAWTON, an please your honor.

And did you walk from Finchley to-day?
interrogated EDWIN.

—Yes

—Yes indeed, Sir, and hope with God's blessing to sleep there this night.

How much shall you make, if you sell all your bow-pots?

Seven-pence halfpenny, Sir.

And when you have disposed of them, you will return contented to your cottage?

Yes indeed, I shall—

Oh, Heavens! exclaimed EDWIN, and shall we presume to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, when this calamitous creature bending under the infirmities of age and the pressure of poverty, can be thankful to her Creator for advantages, that comparatively is misery in the extreme—"Do you enjoy a good state of health?

I never was sick but twice in my life, your honor, once on the death of my poor Billy—and another time, when my husband lay
ill

ill of an ague for nine weeks almost without food.

Did he survive the illness?

Ah! no, my sweet gentlemen, said the hoof-worn doe with her eyes full of tears—it was in the winter of the hard frost, and he could not bear up against the blight—he died---and the stroke would certainly have broke my heart with grief, if it had not pleased God that it should be otherwise.

And did no one contribute to your relief? said the repentant comedian.

Oh yes, a good lady in our neighbourhood sent us six-pence and some raspberry wine; but alas, it came too late—But it was the will of heaven it should be so, and it is our duty *you know* to bear the afflictions of God with patience—Will your honor please to buy a bow-pot?

No;

No; keep your bow-pots for better customers; but here is a shilling for you.

A shilling, your honor! cried the other, but lack-a-day, I am so poor, I have no change! I want no change, said EDWIN—you have given me a lesson of philosophy, that has done me more real service than all the sophistry of SHAFTESBURY—The black ethics of a HUME, or the levities of VOLTAIRE—The practice of Christianity *must be* the foundation of happiness—and whoever disputes its pre-eminence over every other system of morality, is not only an enemy to himself, but a foe to the general interests of human kind*.

* To be great is to be respected—but to be good is to be adored—I had the honor, when in Ireland, of being acquainted with DEAN CHAMPAGNE, I say honor, because the tenor of *his* being is, what every ecclesiastic's should be, *exemplary*! The DEAN, early in life married a Miss HAMMOND, a most amiable lady who brought him twelve children! and though related to some of the first families in that kingdom, his income was not so unbounded as the worthy part of society wished—However, the DEAN trained up his numerous offspring with placid dignity,

The time had now arrived, when the horn of plenty was laid at Epwin's feet—He took from her *cornucopia* all that caprice could suggest, or taste enjoy—When he became independent, he became inactive; and the variety of his pursuits were narrowed by a life of ease—Month succeeded month, and no event happened which could awaken curiosity—Affixed by fame in the chair of independence, he reclined unmindful of the tumult of a busy world—He who ceases to be necessitous, generally ceases to be a wanderer—EDWIN was completely blest—

dignity, and the sons were proverbially brave, and the daughters virtuous—The beauty and accomplishments of the ladies begot envy in their sex, and what begets envy thus circumstanced, naturally awakens admiration in the men—In due time, the six ladies were most advantageously married—The eldest to CAPTAIN BAYLEY now EARL of UXBRIDGE, the second, to Mr. STEPNEY of Darrow, in the King's County, the third, to Sir CHARLES DESVOEUX, the fourth, to a rich young pluralist, in the county of Down, the fifth, to Mr. BURROWS, of Kildare, and the sixth, to MAJOR VIGNOLES; and I believe the God of marriage never looks so triumphant as when he reviews the lovely progeny of DEAN CHAMPAGNE—If a partial beam is issued from heaven to gladden us in this frail state, it must be deputed to brighten such minds.

Uplifted by the acclaim of unpurchased criticism, he ate his mutton---slept soundly, and thanked the Gods.

In the spring of 1788, when I had returned to my chambers early in the day from Kew, I was not a little surprised to understand that EDWIN had been there, and left a note for me—On opening the billet, I found it contained an importunate request that I would come to him at the Piazza immediately—On my arrival I found him walking about the room, and palpably agitated—I enquired the reason, and by way of reply, he gave me a letter unsealed, which I perceived to be a challenge and directed to Mr.——— of Covent Garden theatre—In the *eclaircissement*, I was informed that he had been violently insulted the evening before, by the gentleman in question, and was determined to be instantly satisfied—As I was never very fond of fighting duels myself, I endeavoured to persuade my friend from his sanguinary purposes, but every remonstrance was in vain—his intents were savage and inexorable,

ble, and I gave up the point—To prevent this awkward business from falling into the hands of a person, who might have less respect for Mr. ——— than myself, I consented to deliver the letter—The challenge was accepted with proper spirit, and the time and place to be adjusted by Mr. LAURENCE KENNEDY, (the second to Mr. ———) and myself—In the second *stage* of this adventure, I exercised a little white-roguery, and made EDWIN accompany me to a gun-maker's in the Strand—fit the bullets himself, and purchase the powder, that I might investigate the operations of his mind upon his visage.

EDWIN deported himself very properly, and the meeting in his idea was to take place that evening near Chalk-Farm, in the vicinity of Highgate; I say in his idea, because Mr. KENNEDY and I had both resolved, that it should not—This resolution was not matured in consequence of a suspicion, that either of the combatants wanted resolution, but in consideration of their families, which were young and numerous on both sides—

I appointed EDWIN to meet me under the Piazza at four o'clock, and to wait there until I should give him a signal from a coach—he punctually attended, and I got sily into a hatter's shop the corner of James Street, to observe his motions from behind a breast-work of undressed beavers at the corner of the window — Mr. KENNEDY and I having previously concerted our measures, I kept poor EDWIN in a state of jeopardy for half an hour, during which serious period, he manifested a mind, but ill at ease---He would look at his watch ---compare it with the church clock in Covent Garden---put it to his ear---rest his chin in his right hand---stretch out his arm as if in the act of firing---apparently reflect, and then redouble his paces---

In many of his emotions that afternoon, I discovered a similarity to his odd movements in Sir HUGH EVANS---When the half hour had nearly arrived, his system was so heated by the collision of strong passions, that he forgot the geography of the Arcade ---His wandering feet carried him irregular-

ly

ly to the left, where he made an inconsiderable *faux pas*--walked over an antique apple woman, who was in the act of taking a pinch of the powder of mundungus, and fell headlong into an empty hamper, which had ten minutes before been eased of twelve dozen of claret for MALTBY's pious Euphrosynes!

EDWIN thought with LORD KAIMES, that self-preservation is a matter of too great importance to be left entirely to the conduct of reason--Fear provides for self-preservation by flying from harm: Anger, by repelling it--He had read in Plutarch, that Brasidas being bit by a mouse he had caught, let it slip from his fingers with this remark, "No creature is so contemptible, but it may provide for its own safety, if it have courage."

I gave EDWIN the cue from a coach door--he jumped in, and we proceeded to Slaughter's coffee-house, in Saint Martin's Lane, where, Mr. KENNEDY and I hit upon an expedient to heal the wounds of honor--without the effusion of dramatic blood---

The parties drank some Madeira---shook hands, and the affair concluded!

As to be famous is the prime movement of our nature, we should not marvel, that the pre-eminent EDWIN felt emotions in his bosom, nearly allied to arrogance---more polished animals participate the glowing weakness—it is unequivocally apparent in the elegant attainments of a DAMER, the bright pages of a MONTAGUE*---The slipshod pleasantries of a COURTNEY, and the solemn fopperies of HORACE WALPOLE---that EDWIN was ardently carest should not surprise, as whatever contributes to human pleasure or human vanity, must be dear to estimation.

* While Mr. PILON lay on his death bed at Lambeth, Mr. LEE LEWES, at his desire went to Mrs. MONTAGUE, to whom he had dedicated his comedy of *He Would be a Soldier*, the day before he died—Mrs. MONTAGUE gave Mr. LEE LEWES five guineas for Mr. PILON's use, and generously desired that when Mr. PILON wanted further assistance he would send to her—"I am displeased," said she, "when any one dedicates a work to me without my permission—but he is a man of genius, and I forgive him."

When

When Mr. HARRIS consented that his salary should be augmented to twelve pounds per week, he imagined that the measure of his ambition would be speedily filled—The zealous barrister, who exchanges the rough bombazeen, for the silken *toga* of precedence, could not be more certain of a place on the judgment seat than EDWIN, of acquiring the inestimable wreath of popular glory.

In the summer of 1783, EDWIN, CHARLES BANNISTER, and WILSON, were invited to sup at the Thatched House, in Saint James's Street, with the Earl of HARRINGTON, COLONEL NORTH, MAJOR NORTH, MAJOR PHIPPS, EDMUND PHIPPS, &c. and after passing a jocund night dedicated much mirth, and some mischief, EDWIN suddenly quitted the company, and was found some time after, trying on some Callico shirts, at a Shirt Warehouse in Pall Mall, the master of which he desired might be called out of bed, and persuaded him that he was Captain of a ship, in the East India Company's service !

It was his usual method, every morning before breakfast, to exercise himself by swinging two pieces of lead, about four pounds weight each, backward and forward to open his chest, and expand the pectoral muscles—After this, he washed his head in a pail of spring water—*ate his breakfast, and then studied the part he was to enact at night.

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* Twice every year DOCTOR JOHNSON visited University College, Pembroke College, and Mr. HERBERT CROFTS—His invariable custom was to wash his head every morning under the pump—He drank tea inordinately; Mrs. DITCHER, (daughter of the celebrated RICHARDSON, who wrote *Clarissa Harlowe*) has made eleven dishes of tea for him at one time—Sir WILLIAM JONES, COUNSELLOR PLUMER, Mr. SAMUEL, and some other gentlemen breakfasted with him, at Mr. FISHER's, Tutor of University College, where he drank out all the water from the kettle, and amused himself with reading a *Euclid*, instead of joining in the conversation, to the great mortification of the young gentlemen who had assembled—He was particularly attached to the late Mr. HENDERSON, of Pembroke College, whose eccentricities were so often manifested, and who was considered as the first logician at Oxford—HERBERT CROFTS furnished the Life of YOUNG, for JOHNSON's *Poets*—Perhaps no man ever injured the cause of verity more than Dr. JOHNSON, by writing the lives of the British poets—Seriously affixing
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The most attic and luxuriant hours I ever knew, were passed at EDWIN's table in the year 1788, in company with him, Mr. PLATT, Mr. HEWERDINE, Mr. EDWIN, Jun. Mr. MILLS, Mr. MARLOWE, and Mr. UPTON.

EDWIN performed *Jemmy Jumps* for LEE LEWES's benefit at Canterbury, the Saturday before Pashion week—in 1790, his name had such an effect there, that at three o'clock, all the avenues to the Theatre were completely stopped up, carriages could not approach the doors, and the ladies were obliged to go from the stage over the spikes of the stage box to their places in the side boxes.

The next day EDWIN, LEE LEWES, and their ladies made a post haste journey to Paris, where EDWIN excited the following emotions in the *Dauphin*, who was walking

the title of poet to such common-minded animals, as DYER, YALDEN, POMFRET, SAVAGE, WATTS, *cum multis aliis*, is an insult, Phœbus will not readily pardon—in my opinion, there never were but *five poets* existing in Britain, viz. CHAUCER, SPENCER, SHAKESPEARE, BUTLER, and DRYDEN; the rest are mere copyists, who have floundered and rhimed with more or less ingenuity!

between

between two grenadiers in the Thulleries, when the Comedian met his eye—EDWIN was dressed in a large rough coachman's coat, and half tipsy with champagne—The Dauphin stopt short, surveyed his figure for a minute from the *cranium* to the *os calcis*, and then laughingly exclaimed—*ma foi c'est bien drole!*

In the beginning of May 1790, by the advice of his physicians, Dr. BROCKLESBY, and Dr. GARTHSHORE, he took a lodging at the Rein Deer on Epping Forest, where he remained three weeks, and then returned to Town.

On the 13th of June, he married Miss MARY HUBBARD, at Saint John's Church, Westminster.

In July, he engaged a lodging on Clapham Common, but finding the air too cold for his emaciated frame, returned to his apartments in Bedford Street.

The

The last character he ever performed in public, was GREGORY GUBBINS in the *Battle of Hexham*.

Three weeks before his death, a consultation of physicians were held at his house, and the issue of their judgment was, that if he was not conveyed immediately to Nice, he must assuredly die—in obedience to their directions, his friends engaged a Danish vessel for the purpose and paid ten pounds in advance to the Captain, whose name is MAYYER.

He never could be prevailed upon during his indisposition, to wear a night-cap, except in bed; he would put on his cap when in bed, and deposit his wig carefully behind his pillow, and when he awoke at the return of day, the first thing he called for was his wig.

He was not despondent even when in a state of total debility, but seemed chearful, related his jest, and smiled with ghastly pleasantry.

So powerfully did hope cleave about his mind to the last, that two days before his demise, he seemed confident that he should recover when on board the vessel.

In the evening of this day he called for pen, ink and paper, and with much difficulty wrote the following fragment of a letter, which he intended should have been sent to Dr. GARTHSHORE, or Dr. BROCKLESBY—

“ Dear Sir,

“ The unremitting attention you have paid to me, joined to your great wisdom in your profession, has given me much content during the whole course of my illness; and if I had a dear relation under your care, I should be most truly happy, that a Physician of your ability had the direction of her health—In other hands I might have been dead long before this, and perhaps my voyage by God’s permission may restore me. I am ashamed to say that in pecuniary matters I am quite worse than my heart can bear. The derangement of my circumstances from illness, and a little disagreeable, therefore hope your kindness will excuse the”—

When

When he came to this part, his strength failed him—the pen dropt from his hand, and he fell back on the couch, and scarcely ever articulated after.

EDWIN'S LAST MOMENTS.

He felt the declension of his being with a serenity, which would have honored Seneca—when he looked forward to the cold house of Death, though the prospect was dreary, his vision was unscared with dread—though the idea of eternal corporal immurement was unpleasant, the certainty of what *must be*, sweetened the inconveniences that *were*—when his imagination too faithfully pourtrayed the public idol he had so recently been, the firmness of his manhood forsook him, and he burst into the decent lamentations of decaying fortitude.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind!

When his nervous system became entirely unstrung, he was apprehensive that
the

the seat of understanding might be wounded too keenly—and, like DOCTOR JOHNSON* in similar circumstances, trembled lest the powers of discernment should be abridged, and he become a mere animal unenlightened by the beam of fore-knowledge—to relinquish the coarse and unprofitable usages of existence, gave him little regret, but to be a breathing blank, smote him in thought with supreme horror—he felt miserably, and thus exclaimed :

Even at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair I never will repine ;
But spare, O Time ! whate'er of *mental* grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

* The tremulous manner in which DOCTOR JOHNSON died, has, in my idea, been more detrimental to the general interests of Christianity, than any other event appertaining to a single individual—he was continually rehearsing the mercies of his Redeemer, and the certainty of salvation, yet, whenever discease assailed him, his pious energies forsook him, and he would improperly declare that he should prefer existing in any the most shocking state to death—if this mode of expression and conduct, argued his possessing that assurance in the mercies of his Creator, which every man should, I am unskilled in the generous emotions of hope, and the beatitudes of religion.

In

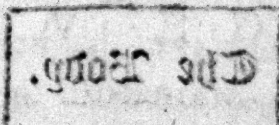
In the florid triumphs of health—in the proudest periods of his state—EDWIN never awoke the wrath of the deity, by questioning the terrors of revelation—what was to be, he knew would, and felt happy in being obedient, where it is folly to be wise—I do not believe it was designed by the Omnipotent, that human wisdom should pass in its researches beyond the precincts of the creation—many are impelled by *pride* to make the fruitless attempt, but few by *philosophy*—independent of Astronomy, their labours have but engendered doubts, and the most enlightened, made that seem demissible, which if wholly obscured, would tend to the maintenance of calm resignation—The inroads of scepticism have been exactly proportioned to the arrogance of sophistry, and a great portion of mankind have appeared happy to disseminate infidelity, though they could not substitute a blessing for that peace which they had destroyed.—

Even at the termination of his existence, when the vital lamp had scarce warmth
 4 enough

enough to keep it from the freezing properties of Death, and the flame was only dimly seen, he would not consent to be confined to his bed—His fortitude was as conspicuous in his final moments as in the most healthful epoch of his life—he saw, like Damocles, the instrument of his destruction suspended over him by a single hair, yet saw it with firmness—On the 30th of October, he lay horizontally upon a couch before the fire—flattered at the mouth, and had not the power to express his wish—He continued languishing until half past four o'clock on the following morning, when he put his left leg out of bed and endeavoured to sit upright: his attendant then gave him some syrup of squills, which he could not swallow; it guggled in his throat—At this period, it is imagined, he felt himself entangled in the icy embrace of ruin—He put out his shrivelled hand, which his lady kissed, then faintly adjusting his pillow which he wetted with a chilly tear—moaned, looked up, and *faded* into DEATH.

Thus this extraordinary man finished his mortal career—His loss to the stage, like the **privation of light**, has cast a gloom over a Theatre, dedicated to the purposes of moral example and social felicity.

Mr. Shields,
Mr. Wilson,
Mr. Hall,
Mr. Johnson.



Mr. O'Keefe,
Mr. O'Neil,
Mr. Lewis,
Mr. Holman.

MEMORIAL

On Sunday the 7th November, at eight in the evening the remains of this matchless man were accompanied to the grave by the following persons, attended by an immense concourse of spectators—His body was deposited on the north side of Saint Paul's Covent Garden, between the ashes of Doctor **Arne**, and his prototype, **Ned Shuter**.

Mr. Paine,
Mr. Howard,
Mr. Mackintosh,
Mr. Dugby,
Mr. Wild,
Mr. Bower.

Rowe's

(1222)

Thus this extraordinary man finished his
mortal career—His lot to the stage, like
the **ORDER OF THE FUNERAL.**
over a T heart, dedicated to the purposes
of moral exhortation.

Mr. O'Keeffe,
Mr. Quick,
Mr. Lewis,
Mr. Holman,

The Body.

Mr. Shields,
Mr. Wilson,
Mr. Hull,
Mr. Johnstone

MOURNERS.

On Sunday evening the remains of this man were accompanied to the grave by the following persons, interred in an immediate course of sepulture—The body was deposited on the north side of Governor's Avenue.

Mr. Redhead and Mrs. Edwin
Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Ward;
Four Sons of the deceased.

Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Lee Lewis
Mr. Davies, Mrs. Sutton;
Mr. Ryder, Mr. Blanchard;
Mr. Dodd, Mr. Falcum;

Mr. Harley, Mrs. Parren;
Mr. Platt, Mr. Fentum;
Mr. Bernard, Mr. Brandon;

Mr. Macready, Mr. Duffey;
Mr. Williames, Mr. Wild;
Mr. Bowers, Mr. Rock.

EDWIN'S

ORDER

Y

Vol. I.

EDWIN'S TOMB.

Here lies

JOHN EDWIN.

COMEDIAN,

Late of Covent Garden Theatre,

Who departed this life, October 3rd, 1790

Aged 42 years.

Each social meed, which honors human kind,

The dust beneath this frail memorial bore ;

If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,

Subdue the weakness, and be vain no more.

A nation's mirth was subject to his art,

Ere icy death had smote this child of glee ;

And care resum'd his empire o'er the heart,

When Heaven issued—Edwin shall not be.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

The reader's perception having journeyed with the motly hero of this singular memoir from the cradle to the grave, I trust he will not retire from the narration wholly uninstructed—Calamity is the school of truth, and happy is he who can gather from the vicissitudes of his neighbour, theoretic knowledge, equal to the resistance of private regret or public shame—We should commiserate the failings of that being, whose state is adventitious and dependent on the caprices of chance—Many who are compelled to seek fortune, must pursue her in a storm; and is it wondrous that the milder beauties of the mind should be deranged by the tempestuous operations of resistless accident?—The powers of nature may be subordinate to reason in the serene haunts of privacy, but *will* dispute the dominion where the allurements to do wrong multiply with the advancing moment—But every individual should be an optimist, as every evil has an according comfort—Those who
are

are diligent for the blisses of opulence,
 should recollect that wealth can raise but few
 barriers against infelicity—Glory only out-
 taches herself to the daring and the imperious
 ous! . . .

To peep into the chambers of the human
 heart—To investigate the impulse of action,
 has been an employment dear to mankind in
 every æra—When SALUST gave his *Cata-*
line to social abhorrence—When HERODO-
 TUS, XENOPHON, and the charming LIVY,
 delineated the features of antiquity; an
 admiring world treasured up the tale in the
 archives of recollection, and faithfully and
 fondly transmitted it from age to age.

In adjusting the materials of EDWIN'S
 contradictory life, I have cast away much
 matter, which my judgment considered as
 unimportant—If it be allowed, I have re-
 tained what is pleasureable and beneficial,
 my toil will not be unprofitable—

That

That the art of luminous abridgment is a difficult talent, will be confessed by those who know that "*Il abrégia tout parce qu'il voyoit tout*," was the eulogy pronounced on TACITUS by MONTESQUIEU. !

To peep into the chambers of the human heart—To investigate the springs of action, has been an employment to mankind in every æra—When SALLUST gave his Cata- line to social abhorrence—When HERODOTUS, XENOPHON, and the charming LUCY, delineated the manners of antiquity; an admiring world treasured up the tale in the archives of recollection, and faithfully and fondly transmitted it from age to age.

In adjusting the materials of EDWIN'S contradictory life, I have cast away much matter, which my judgment considered as unimportant—If it be allowed, I have retained what is pleasurable and beneficial—my roll will not be unprofitable—

That